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THE FIRST GUARDS IN HISTORY ORDERED TO THE FAR EAST: THE 2ND BATTALION COLDSTREAM GUARDS LEAVING LONDON FOR SHANGHAI—THE REGIMENT CROSSING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

The first Guards battalion in history to leave this country for the Far East—the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards—forming part of the Shanghai Defence Force, started from London on January 29. From Wellington Barracks they marched to Waterloo and entrained for Southampton, where they embarked in the "Kinfauns Castle." Through London they were joined

by a great crowd. As they were marching "easy," civilians—chiefly sweethearts and wives—entered the ranks and marched with the men, carrying their kit-bags and rifles. The crowd surged past the Houses of Parliament and over Westminster Bridge, while the band of the Scots Guards at the head of the troops played, "Tipperary" and "Shanghai."—[PHOTO. SPORT AND GENERAL.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AMERICA is sometimes offered to us, even by Americans (who ought to know better), as a moral example. There are, indeed, very real American virtues, but this virtuous attitude is hardly one of them. And, if anyone wants to know what a welter of weakness and inconsequence the moral mind of America can sometimes be, he may be advised to look not so much to the Crime Wave or the Charleston as to the serious idealistic essays by highbrows and cultured critics, such as one by Miss Avis D. Carlson on "Wanted: A Substitute for Righteousness." By righteousness, she means, of course, the narrow New England taboos; but she does not know it. For the inference she draws is that we should recognise frankly that "the standard of abstract right and wrong is moribund." This statement will seem less insane if we consider, somewhat curiously, what the standard of abstract right and wrong seems to mean—at least in her section of the States. It is a glimpse of an incredible world.

She takes the case of a young man brought up "in a home where there was an attempt to make the dogmatic cleavage of right and wrong." And what was the dogmatic cleavage? Ah, what indeed! His elders told him that some things were right and some wrong, and for some time he accepted this strange assertion. But when he leaves the home he finds that "apparently perfectly nice people do the things he has been taught to think evil." Then follows the revelation. "The flowerlike girl he envelops in a mist of romantic idealisation smokes like an imp from the lower regions and pets like a movie vamp. The chum his heart yearns towards cultivates a hip-flask, etc." And this is what the writer calls a dogmatic cleavage between right and wrong!

The standard of abstract right and wrong apparently is this. That a girl by smoking a cigarette makes herself one of the company of the fiends in hell. That such an action is much the same as that of a sexual vampire. That a young man who continues to drink fermented liquor as all his countrymen drank it until a few years ago must necessarily be entirely "evil," and must deny the very existence of any difference between right and wrong. That is the "standard of abstract right and wrong" that is apparently taught in the American home. And it is perfectly obvious that it is not a standard of abstract right and wrong at all. It is not a standard; it is not abstract; it has not the vaguest notion of what is meant by right and wrong. It is a chaos of social and sentimental accidents and associations, some of them snobbish, all of them provincial, but, above all, nearly all of them concrete and connected with a materialistic prejudice against particular materials. To have a horror of tobacco is not to have an abstract standard of right, but exactly the opposite. It is to have no standard of right whatever, and to take certain local likes or dislikes as a substitute. We need not be very much surprised if the young man repudiates these meaningless vetoes as soon as he can; but, if he thinks he is repudiating morality, he must be almost as muddle-headed as his father. And yet the writer in question calmly proposes that we should abolish all ideas of right and wrong, and abandon the whole human conception of a standard of abstract justice, because a boy in Boston cannot be induced to think that a nice girl is a devil when she smokes a cigarette.

If the rising generation were faced with no worse doubts and difficulties than this, it would not be very difficult to reconcile them to the traditions of truth and justice. But I think the episode worth mentioning merely because it throws a ray of light on the moral condition of American culture, in the decay of Puritanism. And when next we are told that the idealism of America is to set a "standard"

by which England must transform herself, it will be well to remember what is apparently meant by a standard and an ideal, and that the fire of that idealism seems both to begin and end in smoke.

Incidentally, I may say I can bear witness to this queer taboo about tobacco. Of course, numberless Americans smoke numberless cigars. But there does exist an extraordinary idea that ethics are involved in some way, and many who smoke really disapprove of smoking. I remember once receiving two American interviewers on the same afternoon; there was a box of cigars in front of me, and I offered one to each in turn. Their reaction (as they would probably call it) was very curious to watch. The first journalist stiffened suddenly and silently, and declined in a very cold voice. He could not have conveyed more plainly

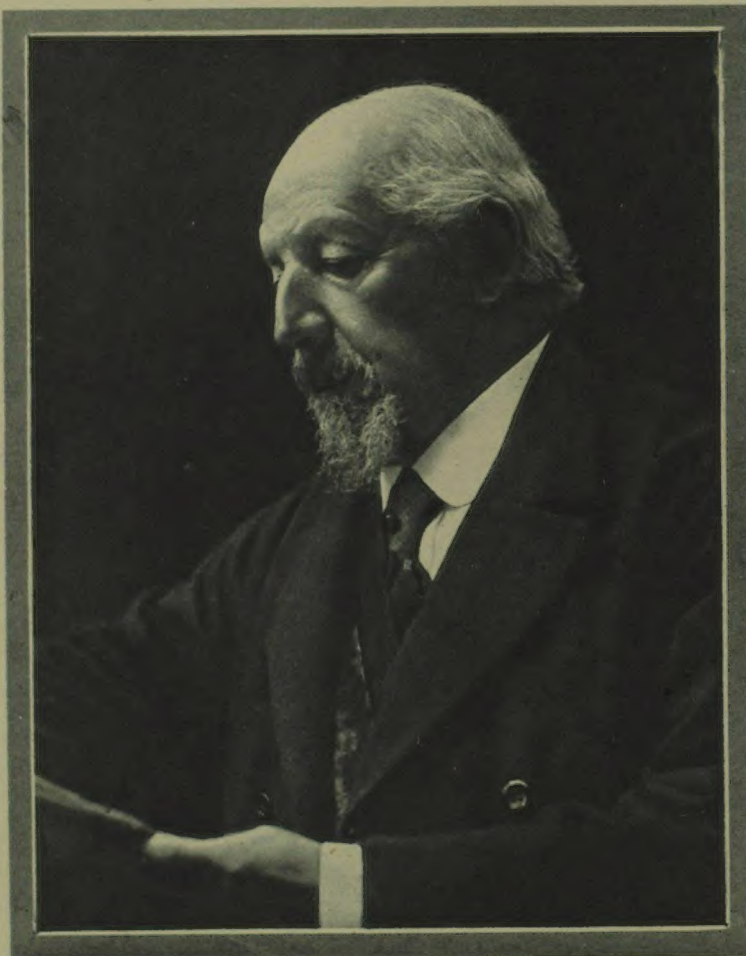
wondering whether we were alone; and then said, with a sort of crestfallen and covert smile: "Well, Mr. Chesterton, I'm afraid I have the habit."

As I also have the habit, and have never been able to imagine how it could be connected with morality or immorality, I confess that I plunged with him deeply into an immoral life. In the course of our conversation I found he was otherwise perfectly sane. He was quite intelligent about economics or architecture, but his moral sense seemed to have entirely disappeared. He really thought it was rather wicked to smoke. He had no "standard of abstract right and wrong"; in him it was not merely moribund, it was apparently dead.

The culture that is concerned here derives indirectly rather from New England than from Old America. It really does not seem to understand what is meant by a standard of right and wrong. It has a vague sentimental notion that certain habits were not suitable to the old log-cabin or the old home-town. It has a vague utilitarian notion that certain habits are not directly useful in the new amalgamated stores or the new financial gambling-hell. A man does not chop wood for the log-hut by smoking; and a man does not make dividends for the Big Boss by smoking; and therefore a smoke has a smell as of something sinful. Of what the great theologians and moral philosophers have meant by a sin, these people have no more idea than a child drinking milk has of a great toxicologist analysing poisons. It may be to the credit of their virtue to be thus vague about vice. The man who is silly enough to say, when offered a cigarette: "I have no vices," may not always deserve the rapier-thrust of the reply given by the Italian Cardinal: "It is not a vice, or doubtless you would have it." But at least a Cardinal knows it is not a vice; which assists the clarity of his mind. But the lack of clear standards among those who vaguely think of it as a vice may yet be the beginning of much peril and oppression.

I would therefore venture to say to Miss Avis Carlson (whose article in other respects contains much that is very thoughtful and valuable) that the quarrel in question does not arise from the Yankee Puritans having too much morality, but from their having too little. It does not arise from their drawing too hard and fast a line of distinction between right and wrong, but from their line being much too loose and indistinct. They go by associations and not by abstractions. Therefore they class smoking with vaping, or a flask in the pocket with a sin in the soul. I hope at least that some of the Fundamentalists will succeed in being a little more fundamental than this.

The men of Tennessee are supposed to be very anxious to draw the line between men and monkeys. They are also supposed by some to be rather too anxious to draw the line between black men and white men. May I be allowed to hope that they will succeed in drawing a rather more logical line between bad men and good men? Something of the difference and the difficulty may be seen by comparing the old Ku Klux Klan with the new Ku Klux Klan. The old secret society may have been justified or not, but it had a definite object; it was directed against somebody. The new secret society seems to have been directed against anybody; often against anybody who drank; in time, for all I know, against anybody who smoked. It is this sort of formless fanaticism that is the great danger of the American temperament; and it is well to insist that, if men must persecute, they will be more clear-headed if they persecute for a creed.



THE "GRAND OLD MAN" OF ITALIAN SCHOLARSHIP AND ARCHÆOLOGY: THE LATE SENATOR PROFESSOR DOMENICO COMPARETTI, WHO DIED AT FLORENCE, AGED 92, ON JANUARY 21.

"Born in Rome in 1835, Professor Comparetti was for the last fifty years the leading classical scholar in Europe and one of the ablest Italian archaeologists. For twenty-five years he held the Chair of Greek Literature at the University of Pisa and in the High School of Classical Studies at Florence. He founded in 1887 the Royal School of Archaeology at Rome, and was the promoter of the Italian archaeological survey and of the excavations of Crete, to which we owe the discovery of the Laws of Gortyna and the Minoan Palaces of Phastus and Haghia Triada. As a Hellenist of world-wide fame, especially in England—where he numbered some of his best friends and received, twenty-five years ago, the Oxonian Doctorate ad Honorem and the honorary membership of the Hellenic Society—he wrote numerous works—on Hyperides, Sappho, Homer, Epicurus, the first Papyri of Herculaneum, on the Laws of Gortyna, and on the Orphic tablets of Magna Græcia. But his principal books, in which he showed the breadth of his culture, even outside the classical field, are his 'Virgil in the Middle Ages' (translated into English), and the masterly essay on the Finnish 'Kalevala' and the origin of the great national epics. He was deeply versed in Hebrew and in the modern languages and literatures of Europe. His last work was the critical edition of the *Anecdota* or *Historia Arcana* of Procopius. His character was that of the man whom Horace describes as 'justum et tenacem propositi virum'; his philosophy was the quest for imperturbability, the *ataraxia* of Epicurus."

Photograph and Memorial Note supplied by Professor Federico Halbherr.

that I had attempted to corrupt an honourable man with a foul and infamous indulgence, as if I were the Old Man of the Mountain offering him the hashish that would turn him into an assassin. The second reaction was even more remarkable. The second journalist first looked doubtful; then looked sly; then seemed to glance about him nervously, as if

THE SHANGHAI DEFENCE FORCE SAILS: TROOP-SHIPS ON THE TIDE.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPH BY P. AND A.; THE REST BY C.N.



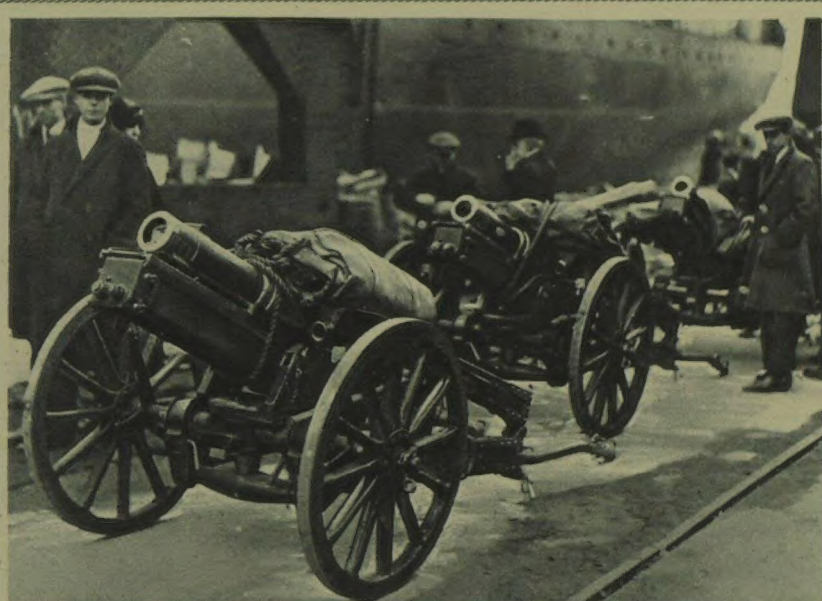
ON THEIR WAY TO EMBARK IN THE TROOP-SHIP "HERMINIUS" FOR SHANGHAI: THE 1st CAMERONIANS, HEADED BY THEIR PIPERS, MARCHING TO THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE 1st GREEN HOWARDS FROM SOUTHAMPTON: THE TROOPS CROWDING THE DECKS OF THE LINER "ASSAYE" AS SHE MOVED FROM THE QUAY.



BOUND FOR CHINA AS PART OF THE SHANGHAI DEFENCE FORCE TO PROTECT BRITISH LIVES AND PROPERTY THERE: ARMOURD CARS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS ABOUT TO BE EMBARKED IN THE "KARMALA."



ARTILLERY OF THE SHANGHAI DEFENCE FORCE FOR THE PROTECTION OF BRITISH INTERESTS: HOWITZERS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS READY TO BE PLACED ABOARD THE "HERMINIUS."



WOMAN'S SHARE IN THE SHANGHAI DEFENCE FORCE: SOME OF THE FIFTEEN NURSES OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S IMPERIAL NURSING SERVICE EMBARKING IN THE "ASSAYE" AT SOUTHAMPTON.



WITH THEIR COLOURS (CARRIED IN A METAL-POINTED CASE): THE 2ND BATTALION COLDSTREAM GUARDS EMBARKING AT SOUTHAMPTON IN THE "KINFAUNS CASTLE."

Sections of the Shanghai Defence Force, whose object is not aggression, but the protection of British lives and property, sailed from Southampton on Friday, January 28, when the 1st Battalion of the Green Howards embarked in the "Assaye" and the 1st Battalion of the Devons in the "Kildonan Castle." The Green Howards were reinforced by details from the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, the West Yorkshire Regiment, and the York and Lancaster Regiment. There were also on board fifteen nurses from the Aldershot staff of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service. On the 29th

the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards left London (as illustrated on our front page), and sailed from Southampton in the "Kinfauns Castle," which also carried the staff of the Force. From the Royal Albert Docks in London on the same day the liners "Karmala" and "Herminius" sailed with the greater part of the 13th Infantry Brigade. In the "Karmala" were the 1st Battalion Border Regiment, 1st Battalion Middlesex Regiment, and the 5th Armoured Car Company of the Royal Tank Corps. Aboard the "Herminius" were the 1st Battalion Cameronians, and the 15th Battery IV. Pack Brigade, Royal Artillery.

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

February
Sprout-Kale.

February was so called by the Romans because it marked the festival of expiation or purification. Until the middle of the fifth century before Christ, the Roman year had begun with March. It was thus that September was the seventh month, October, the eighth, and so on. Numa Pompilius increased the calendar to twelve months, and, introducing January and February, placed one month before and the other after the original ten months. In 452 B.C. the order was changed and February was given the second place. This change was the work of the famous Decemvirs who, in 451 B.C., formed what to-day we should call a "deputation" to Greece. Their terms of reference were to investigate the customs and laws of Athens and her sister cities. They duly returned to Rome to exercise an authority worthy of ten gentlemen in black shirts. They set up the "laws of the twelve tables," and these became the law of Rome; and included in their measures was the reform of the calendar which related to February.

The month of February was called "Sprout-Kale" by the Saxons because it was marked by the appearance in the ground of the cheery cabbage. The thoughts of our earliest ancestors, like the nursery poet of our own day, ran much on Cabbages and Kings. Great men born in the month include Coke, whom the juvenile imagination conceived of as some enormous figure that bestrode one Littleton; and John of Gaunt, who got his name from the fact that, while his father "fought in Flanders," he himself was born at Ghent—that most wonderful of all Flemish cities, with its perfectly preserved example of a home of the Middle Ages.

Re Former
Occasions.

February's greatest event nowadays is the opening of Parliament, always awaited with a curious expectancy which, by no party in Parliament, was ever satisfied. Man never is, but always to be, blest by the Legislature he elects and watches reassemble. I suppose that no opening before or since was anticipated with greater public concern than the one attended by that unruly sailor Prince, William IV., on Feb. 3, 1831. Other Parliaments were to assemble and to be dissolved before Reform reached the Statute Book. The country was to continue to be troubled by riot, to be torn by the most violent of political dissensions, to listen to talk of rebellion and warning that the end was near; it was still to watch the crumbling of the old aristocratic authority, and it was to begin to hear a good deal of the Middle Classes. But if the climax of its hopes was only reached when the Parliament of 1832 assembled, it was the opening of '31 which marked the beginning of the pitched battle, of "that unparalleled war of tongues" as Molesworth called it. The Session was opened by the presentation by Lord Grey of great numbers of petitions requesting, with various degrees of emphasis, parliamentary reform: after which, Grey in the Upper House, and Althorp in the Lower, announced that on the following March 1 a Bill would be introduced which should embody the expressed wishes of the people. The Bill, as the world knows, was thrown out by the Lords—after which the Government decided to dissolve. William was angry. "What," he is reported to have said, "would you have me dismiss in this summary manner a Parliament which has granted me so splendid a Civil List?" He was now to learn that even a Parliament which treated with liberality the Sovereign who had opened it was not at liberty to neglect the will of the people who should have had the right to elect it, but who had been denied that privilege. A new Parliament: again an Opening: and this time sees Reform achieved. And then there follows the triumphant opening of '33, a reformed Parliament elected, and the uninhabited groves of Old Sarum without a single representative in the House. And it is only as the mob of British working-men, still excluded from the franchise, watch the gathering of this new, opulent, middle class, with its frank individualism, that they realise what a very long way it still is to Tipperary.

In Lighter
Vein.

There was, according to Chambers, a curious scene in the House of Lords when William IV. read his speech on Feb. 4, 1836. The light was very bad and it grew worse, till the King broke down altogether, and had to be prompted by Melbourne. Then two candles were brought in, and the King began again as follows: "My Lords and Gentlemen, I have hitherto not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but, as lights are now brought, I will read it again from the commencement."

The first Parliament to meet in England was, of course, that summoned in 1264 on the King's behalf by



CONTAINING A PORTRAIT OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SPANISH AMBASSADOR AS JOB: THE NEW TITIAN ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY—"THE TRINITY RECEIVING CHARLES V."

This picture is the second of Titian's three versions of the same subject, the final one being the great picture in the Prado at Madrid. The first is lost, but is represented by an engraving done in 1566 by Cornelius Cort. The one bought by the National Gallery, which hitherto possessed only two examples of Titian's later style, is of special interest as showing certain changes in the design. Thus the figure of Christ holds two orbs, one of which was afterwards painted out. The Magdalen's uplifted hand was also altered. Among the other figures are Noah, David, and Job—the last a portrait of Señor Vargas, then Spanish Ambassador to Venice. The picture is said to have come from a Madrid gambling house in 1808. It was then owned successively by Samuel Rogers, the Duke of Cleveland, and the late Sir William Curry, from whose collection it was bought by Messrs. Colnaghi. Its authenticity was recognised after cleaning. It measures 51½ in. by 39½ in.—[By Courtesy of the National Gallery.]

Simon de Montfort, which met at Westminster in January 1265. On that occasion Lords and Commons sat together. These early Parliaments were not the formal affairs they have been assumed to be; they were not much more than national "pow-wows." But it was not long before they had gathered authority, and then their statutes ran with the greatest vigour throughout the country. There was a time when Parliament did not necessarily meet in the capital. The City of London Letter-books record instances where it was the pleasure of the Sovereign to assemble his more or less faithful Lords and Commons elsewhere than in the chief city of his kingdom. "Writ notifying the Sheriffs that the Parliament which has been summoned to meet at Coventre on the 3rd Dec. next was to meet instead at Westminster on the morrow of

St. Hilary (13 Jan.) and bidding them to see that four citizens be elected to attend the same." Another Parliament in the same reign, having been summoned to Gloucester, was also ordered to meet at Westminster instead. But Parliament did subsequently meet at Gloucester, while we have an enactment cited, dealing with City apprentices, which had been passed by the Parliament sitting at Cambridge in 1388. And now there is in Cambridge, as also there is in Oxford, an institution from which the British Parliament is permitted still to draw new strength, new views, and perhaps new humour.

Society
Manners.

The announcement that a Kipling Society has been founded on the lines of the Browning Society or of the Dickens Fellowship suggests the thought that this kind of thing is much less common than it used to be, and reminds me of a story of a Browning Society in the North of England. A meeting was in progress when a question arose as to the poet's intention when he wrote one of those deliberate obscurities which have been allowed to frighten so many idle readers from his pages. There were in the hall several leading members of the society who were recognised as authorities on the poet's works, and each in turn gave his opinion. It was then that an unknown person sitting in a remote part of the hall rose, and, with some hesitation, ventured a new view. His temerity was, naturally enough, frowned upon by the Browning authorities present, as well as by the other lesser members, who recognised that silence was the true portion of the unknown. The stranger was suitably suppressed; it was made clear to him that he knew nothing whatever about Browning; and in due course he escaped—without making known to the meeting that he was none other than that very great man, Mr. Browning himself.

Probably it would be better to wait till "the Rudyard ceases from Kipling" before setting up the new society. But if anybody is to have something of this kind, Kipling deserves it as well as any. Half the company that we praise to-day will be forgotten to-morrow, but Kipling bears the unmistakable mark of survival.

A curious side of Kipling's reputation that I have not seen commented on is his secure hold upon that remarkable section of the upper middle class which not only does not read poetry, but views all poets with gloomy suspicion. It approves him, probably, not for his poetry but for his politics. This is an age when ex-Prime Ministers and ex-Lord Chancellors, desperately controlling their self-consciousness and grimly refusing to be disconcerted by their own modesty, fill the columns of the Press with revelations of the great and singular part they have played in the history of their own times, until they seem in danger of occupying more space than even that industrious clergyman and journalist, the Dean of St. Paul's himself. Mr. Kipling makes no direct claims to political service. And yet there is no mind which more powerfully affected the political thinking of his countrymen in the first years of the century. He was a sort of Union-Jack-in-the-Box, echoes of whose words were wont to spring out in the midst of some parochial council; and instantly romantic dreams of new drainage systems, and subtle and ambitious schemes to obtain a new refuse destructor, gave place to some such simple idea as that it was about time that England owned Africa. But Mr. Kipling may now, surely, be said to have sown his political wild oats. His modern works are sane and firm, and statesmanlike. His wild oats have very nearly become quaker oats. With the greatest confidence we offer him to Posterity.

Queen
Elizabeth
visits St. Paul's
in State on
Nov. 24th 1588
to return
thanks for
the victory
over the
Armada.



A 102-MILE-AN-HOUR WIND: GALE HAVOC IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., AND L.N.A.



WHERE A GIRL WAS KILLED AND MANY OTHERS INJURED: THE BROKEN CHIMNEY OF THE SOUTH DUDHOPE WORKS, DUNDEE, FROM WHICH FOUR TONS OF BRICKWORK FELL THROUGH A ROOF.



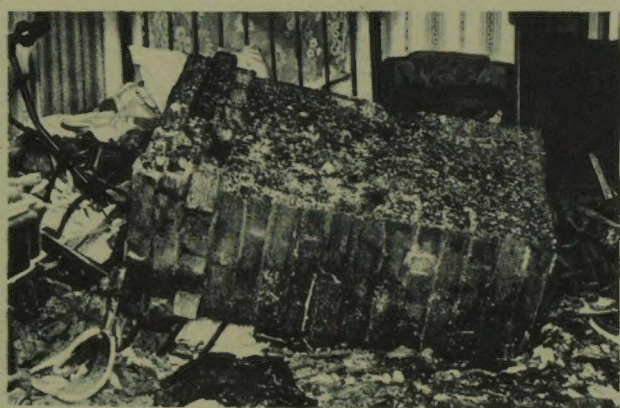
THE STORM IN NORTHERN IRELAND: PROFESSOR SEMPLE'S HOUSE AT MAYCE COLLEGE, LONDONDERRY, SHOWING A HOLE IN THE ROOF THROUGH WHICH A CHIMNEY FELL, THOUGH NO ONE WAS HURT.



IN GLASGOW, THE CITY THAT SUFFERED MOST FROM THE GREAT GALE: THE WRECKED ROOF OF A BUILDING IN WILSON STREET.



EVIDENCE OF THE TERRIFIC FORCE OF THE WIND AT GLASGOW: ONE OF TWO TRAMS (FORTUNATELY EMPTY) BLOWN OVER AT THE MOSS PARK TERMINUS.



A WONDERFUL ESCAPE AT ELBURTON, NEAR PLYMOUTH: MRS. FULL'S BED-ROOM IN ELBURTON LODGE, WITH A HUGE MASS OF BRICKWORK FALLEN ON THE END OF THE BED.



THE WORST DISASTER IN GLASGOW: DÉBRIS AT 26, MARLOW STREET, WHERE FIVE PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND TEN INJURED.



EFFECTS OF THE GALE IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND: A GROUP OF DAMAGED HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE OF ELBURTON, NEAR PLYMOUTH.



ANOTHER FATALITY IN GLASGOW: THE ROOF OF 15-17, WILSON STREET, SHOWING THE GAP THROUGH WHICH THE CHIMNEY FELL TO THE BASEMENT, KILLING ONE MAN.

The great gale that swept over the British Isles on Friday, January 28, and continued through the week-end with somewhat less intensity, was one of the worst that has been experienced in this country for many years. The average speed of the wind was about sixty miles an hour, but in some places, especially Glasgow, it was at times far greater, and at Renfrew a wind-speed of 102 miles an hour was registered, a "record" velocity for an inland station. It was reported that fourteen deaths had been caused altogether by the gale, besides numerous cases of injury, in various districts, but Glasgow suffered the

most serious casualties. Nine lives were lost there, and over a hundred people were hurt. The worst disaster occurred at 26, Marlow Street, Kinning Park, a four-storey tenement, where five people were killed and ten injured by a chimney-stack falling from the roof to the basement, burying them in the debris. A similar accident happened in Wilson Street, Candleriggs, where a chimney crashed through a building occupied by business firms. One man was killed, and many had narrow escapes. During the day the St. Andrews Ambulance Association in Glasgow received ninety-two calls for help.

MINORCAN TAULAS, TALAYOTS, AND NAUS: A NEW CLASS OF MONUMENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 5, AND 7 BY MONJO, MAHÓN; THE REST BY MR. FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN.



1. A TYPICAL TALAYOT IN MINORCA: A STONE MOUND, OR PYRAMID, PROBABLY FUNERAL, WITH NO ENTRANCE OR INTERIOR CHAMBER, THEREFORE DISTINCT FROM BRITISH NURHAGS AND CHAMBERED CAIRNS.



2. A TYPICAL NAUS IN MINORCA: A STRUCTURE SHAPED LIKE AN INVERTED BOAT WITH A LARGE CHAMBER WITHIN, PROBABLY A TOMB (45 FT. LONG BY 14 FT. HIGH).



3. A UNIQUE TAULA IN MINORCA: A STRUCTURE PROBABLY USED AS AN ALTAR FOR SACRIFICE.



4. A STRUCTURE OF A KIND PECULIAR TO MINORCA, IN THE BALEARIC ISLES: ANOTHER TAULA (9 FT. HIGH, WITH TOP STONE 12 FT. LONG).



5. WITH A SMALLER UPRIGHT THAT HAS NO COUNTERPART ON THE OTHER SIDE: ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF A TAULA DISCOVERED IN MINORCA.



6. THE MOST IMPORTANT OF MR. CHAMBERLIN'S DISCOVERIES IN MINORCA: A TAULA WALL (36 FT. LONG) AT BELLA VENTURA—SHOWING THE TAULA UPRIGHT (TO RIGHT OF LINTEL STONE) WITH ITS TOP STONE FALLEN OFF.



7. A UNIQUE SPECIMEN OF A CLASS OF ANCIENT MONUMENTS FOUND NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD: THE TAULA OF TELATI DE DALT, IN MINORCA.

The above photographs and those on page 203 illustrate some very interesting discoveries made recently by Mr. Frederick Chamberlin among the prehistoric monuments in Minorca. Writing in the "Times," he explained that these monuments were of three kinds: "(1) Great stone mounds, called locally *talayots*; (2) Two-stoned monuments of the shape of the Greek T, called *taulas*; (3) Long, low, mound-like buildings, in the shape of an overturned boat, and called *naus* (from the Greek word). Up to 1924 all authorities had agreed that all the *talayots* contained oval chambers approached through a formal door. . . . This (is) a crucial point, for, if the *talayot* had a chamber, it was nothing but a nurhag. . . . If, however, it was a closed monument, the whole world had been misled. . . . The result of my investigations was the discovery of 186 *talayots*, 107 of which are in sufficient repair to permit of classifications. No more than

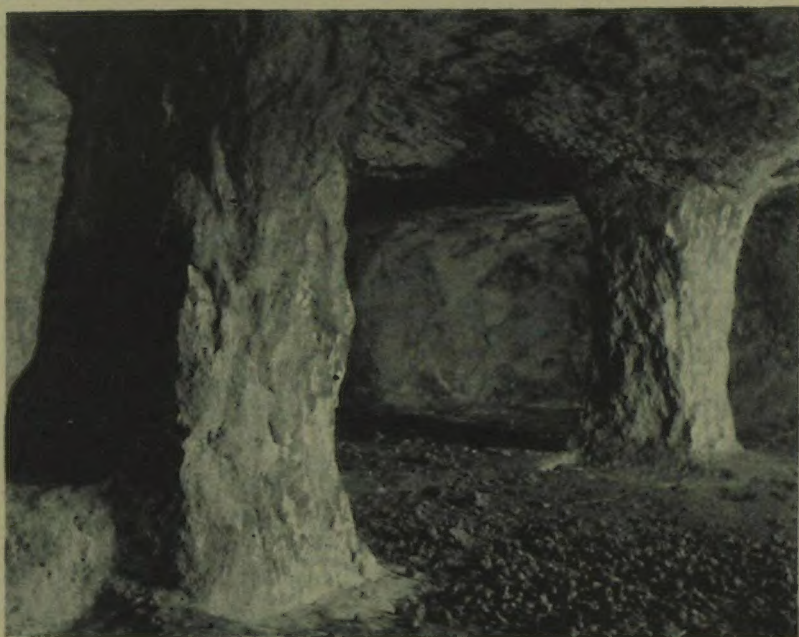
32 of the 107 ever had an entrance of any sort. Three alone had any interior chambers. . . . It follows that they have no true relation to the only monuments known that seemed like them, i.e., the nurhags and the chambered cairns of Great Britain. The *talayots*, so far as is known, are monuments without a parallel. It seems probable that originally all the monuments were surrounded by a stone wall. A *taula* never appears more than 200 ft. or so from a *talayot*. In no other known part of the world is there any other monument of the pattern of the *taula*. As to the purpose of the entire monument—the *taula* and its *talayot*—I agree with Sir Ernest Wallis Budge, who said: 'It seems to me that you have found a new class of monument, and I have little doubt that the *talayots* are pyramids of a funereal nature, and that the *taulas* are altars for sacrifices.'

RELICS OF CAVE-MEN IN MINORCA: A TALAYOT; TOMBS; DWELLINGS.

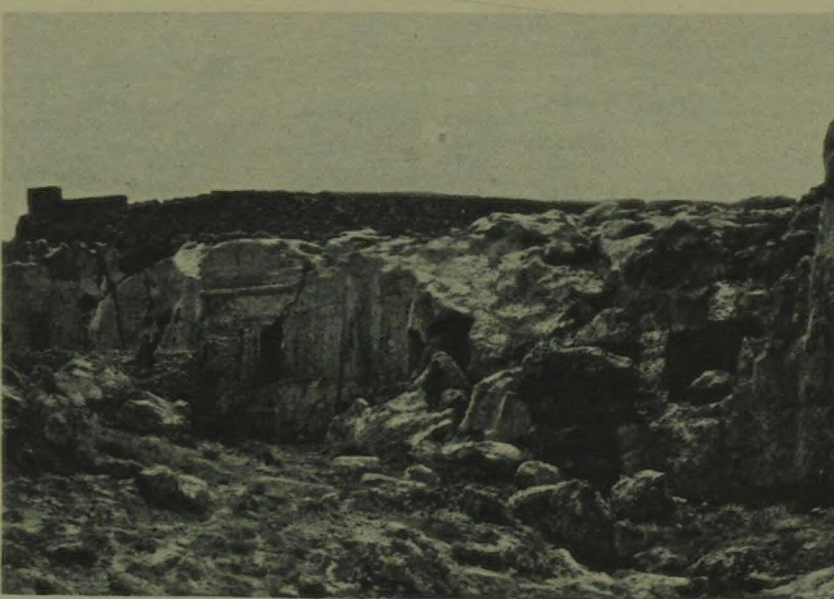
PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1-3 AND 5 BY MR. FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN; NO. 4 BY MONJO, MAHÓN.



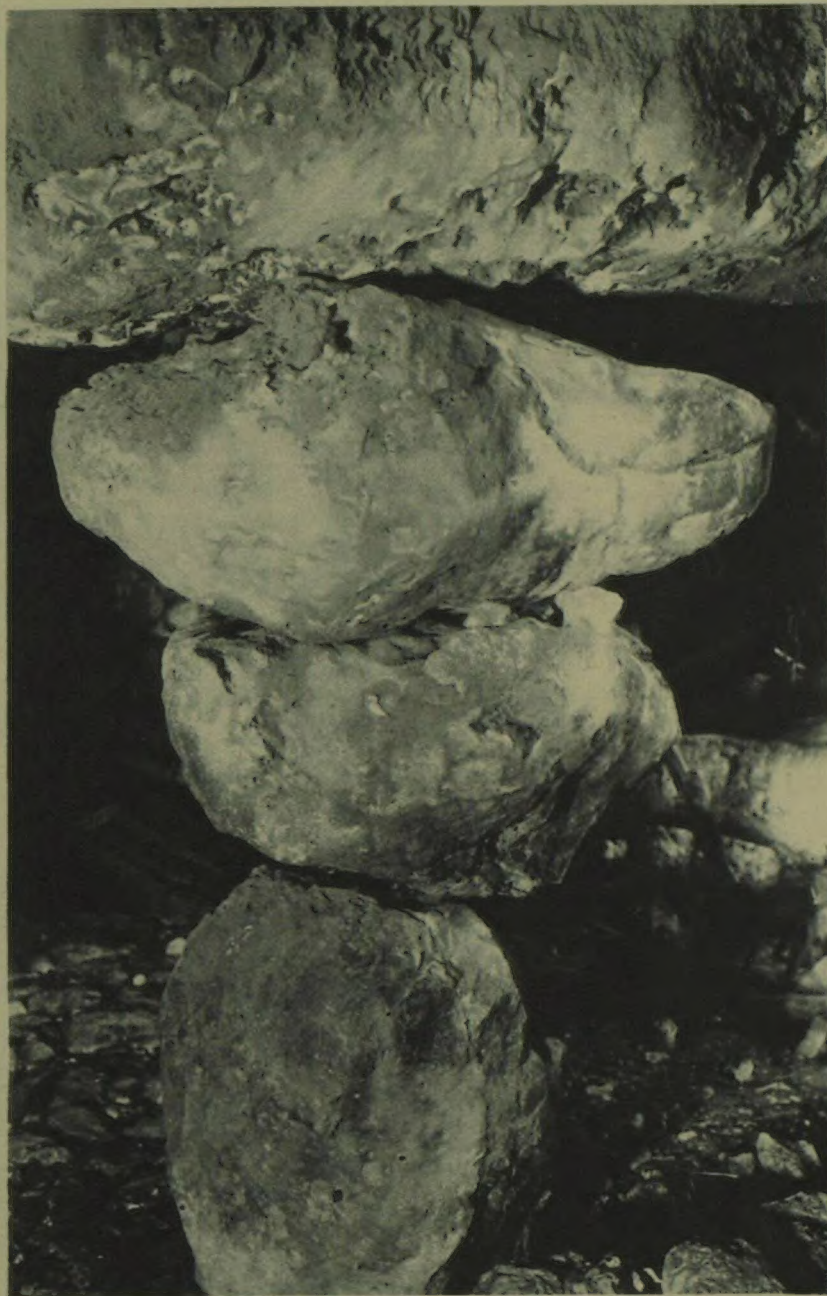
1. SHOWING NO ENTRANCE TO AN INTERIOR CHAMBER, AS IN THE NURHAGS AND CHAMBERED CAIRNS OF BRITAIN: A UNIQUE QUADRILATERAL TALAYOT FOUND IN MINORCA.



2. WITH THE ROOF SUPPORTED BY ROUGH PILLARS: THE INTERIOR OF A CAVE AT CALA MORELL, IN MINORCA, ONCE OCCUPIED BY PREHISTORIC PEOPLE OF THE REMOTE PAST.



4. CONTAINING THE ONLY EXAMPLE OF AN ATTEMPT AT ORNAMENTATION: CLIFF DWELLINGS OF PREHISTORIC CAVE-MEN AT CALA MORELL, IN THE ISLAND OF MINORCA.



3. FORMED OF LARGE STONES PLACED ONE UPON ANOTHER: A PILLAR IN A PREHISTORIC DWELLING OR TOMB AT BINIGAS NOU, IN MINORCA.



5. ONCE THE HOMES OF PREHISTORIC CAVE-MEN IN THE BALEARIC ISLES: A GROUP OF CLIFF-DWELLINGS AT CALAS COSAS, IN MINORCA, SEEN FROM AN OUTLYING ROCK OFF-SHORE.

The three types of prehistoric monuments in Minorca—*talayots*, *taulas*, and *naus*—are described on page 202 in the words of Mr. Frederick Chamberlin, who has lately been investigating them and has made many remarkable discoveries. Of the third class, the *naus*, he writes (in the "Times"): "The authorities agree that they are tombs. The entrance must always be made on all fours for some 10 ft.; one then reaches an elliptical chamber, which is usually some 15 ft. long, 7 ft. high, and about 7 ft. wide. The ceiling is invariably of flat, smooth stones of enormous proportions reaching clear across the uprights supplied by the side walls, which are often three to four yards thick, so that often the whole ceiling is composed of no more than three stones. Sixteen of these structures are now

known. I think it clear that the builders of all these structures belonged to a subterranean people. There are certainly no positive remains of any other class of dwellings. Their caves amount to hundreds, and I believe there are no *talayots* or *naus* or *taulas* not surrounded by them. I hope that anybody interested in this work will soon appear in Minorca, for, apart from the fact that whole *talayots* are being carried off to make public roads and private walls, the field has been only scratched. I am sure that there are a number of monuments yet to be found. There are hundreds of acres of the most likely sites which have not been explored for many centuries. In my forthcoming book I shall publish a very complete map with full details of the known structures."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A NEW PLAYWRIGHT.—THE END OF AN "EMPIRE."

AS ON of a distinguished cleric, a lawyer by profession, last, but not least, the husband of charming Miss Isabel Jeans, Mr. Gilbert Wakefield makes a promising début as a dramatist. His play, "The Yorick Hotel Case" (which, as I write, is announced to come to the centre after much success at "Q"), has great qualities, and one act, the second, is both dramatic and realistically effective. Here the author is in his element as a lawyer, and his observation is as acute as his projection is vivid. We are in the Divorce Court, and the case is "Garey versus Garey and Capping." The pretty, selfish, linnet-headed Mrs. Leo Garey, wedded to a worthy man who was evidently a prosy lover, had compromised herself severely with Capping, a professed lady-killer. Against her husband's wishes she dined and spent her evening with him. He pinched her latchkey; the maid slept out; *que faire?* She spent the night with Capping at the Yorick Hotel. They had occupied two rooms, but, according to the evidence of the porter and the chambermaid, the circumstances were dead against them.

If the husband had been a man of the world, if he had had but an inkling of woman's nature, he would not only have forgiven and forgotten her guiltless aberration, mere imprudence and youthful folly; he would have been moved by her confession and cherished her for her femininity. But no! This husband remains unconvinced, and, if in the end there is compromise, we feel that it is but a half-hearted affair. These two were not of one woof, as they say in Flanders. Theirs cannot be a bright future. This man was not the right mate for this lovelorn woman. The rift will ever remain in the lute. Somehow the author lost his grip, and disappointed us after that wonderful second act. Before the play goes into the regular bill, he should revise, reconstruct, humanise his third act, lest an intrinsically interesting play go on the rocks in sight of harbour.

But, whatever the faults, the play is far beyond the common, and it gave Miss Isabel Jeans a splendid opportunity to reveal unsurpassed emotional qualities. Her conception was one of fine contrasts. She, as it were, portrayed two women—the butterfly playing with fire in sheer joy of living and levity, the real woman within forced to effusion by mental torture. In the witness-box she was a pathetic figure. Her distraught features belied her words. Her *cri du cœur* carried us from suspense to pity. Henceforth Miss Jeans will rank high among our emotional actresses. Mr. Tom Nesbitt was excellent in his passivity, his irresponsible nature, as the husband; and Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith did all he could with the character of a very modern Don Juan.

There are two sides to the history of the world-famed Empire in Leicester Square, that closed on Jan. 24 amidst scenes of memorable enthusiasm. I would only refer to the artistic side of the World's Club, especially to the palmy days when it was the home of comic opera, of ballets, and variety in the finest and more versatile sense of the word. My memory goes back to 1885, when a charming operetta by a young American composer, Reginald de Koven, "The Lady of the Locket," clinched the fame of Hayden Coffin and Florence St. John. Then Hervé came to London to swing his bâton in his own world-famous opéras-bouffes, "Petit Faust" and "L'Œil Crevé." The popularity of his work was immense; the melodies ran through the streets, hummed and whistled by old and young, and martyred on countless barrel-organs. Intermittently after Hervé's régime, the Empire became a music-hall. Here Yvette Guilbert, lithe, lanky, with her famous black gloves and her wonderful songs of French folk-lore, old-world and modern, was the rage, and brought society and royalty to her shrine. Here Cinquevalli, the prince of equilibrists, handled heavy bars and dumb-bells as if they were but feather-weights, with infinite grace and dexterity, and a sense of humour in mimicry that revealed the born comedian. Here Marie Lloyd shone by her genius in unequalled lustre of coster rhapsodies and elegies. Here Vesta Tilley glorified the dandy and the soldier

in gentle mockery and exquisite travesty. But it was the Ballet that rendered the Empire the rendezvous of the five parts of the globe. Beautiful ballets they were, nearly all of them composed by the French maestro Wenzel, a master of melody and a delightful person, who was never so happy as when his ascent to the rostrum was greeted by the orchestra hammering the backs of their fiddles



A RAILWAY SMASH OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR ON THE FILM: JOHNNIE GRAY (BUSTER KEATON) SITTING DISCONSOLATE ON THE WRECK OF HIS FAVOURITE ENGINE, IN "THE GENERAL," AT THE NEW GALLERY KINEMA. Buster Keaton's latest spectacular film comedy, "The General," (a United Artists' picture), takes its title from a locomotive of that name, and deals with the lighter side of an episode in the American Civil War—the Andrews railway raid of 1862. "The General" is here shown after it had fallen through a bridge.

with their bows. His *alter ego* was Katti Lanner, the ballet-mistress, a sister of the waltz composer. She was a wonderful trainer of dancers. The leading dancer was the fascinating Dane, Miss Adeline Genée, and she, as young as ever, was on the closing day the queen of the *adieux*. To her the audience rose in wild worship. She was in her day the high priestess of classical dancing. Her every movement was poetry. She was almost ethereal in her appeal to the imagination.

In those days, which ended in 1909, *Punch*, transcribing the *obiter dictum* of Napoleon III., said of the Empire—"L'Empire c'est la paye—of 46 per cent. dividend." But times changed; with Genée went the apogee of the Empire. It had still one period of success and innovation. Here the English form of "revue" made its first serious attempt, and George Grossmith was its originator. It has greatly developed since its somewhat shy beginnings, but from the first the public took kindly to the new genre, and for a while it threatened to oust musical comedy. Latterly, the Empire, probably owing to the immense expenditure connected with the management of the house, has seen many changes of policy, and many were the rumours connected with its future. Ever since the promenade was abolished, new devices had to be found to make the theatre pay, and albeit that the Astaires, those unique American

dancers, kept the flag flying for a whole year, it was foreshadowed that sooner or later the Empire would be absorbed in the maelstrom of kinematic enterprise. At length capital triumphed over tradition. In a few weeks the old Empire will be no more and the gigantic picture house will arise in its place. *Sic transit.*



MR. NELSON KEYS AS EUGENE DE RICHELIEU: A COURTIER AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XV. IN "MADAME POMPADOUR," A FORTHCOMING BRITISH NATIONAL PICTURE.

Miss Dorothy Gish as La Pompadour wears many charming eighteenth-century French costumes in the new British National picture, "Madame Pompadour," on which work was recently begun at the new Elstree studios, under the direction of Mr. Herbert Wilcox. Besides Mr. Nelson Keys, the cast includes also Miss Marie Ault and Mr. Antonio Moreno. Many striking "sets" have been built for this spectacular production.

Crooked explanations on the part of the wife, combined with prevarications, convinced the husband of her guilt, so—proceedings.

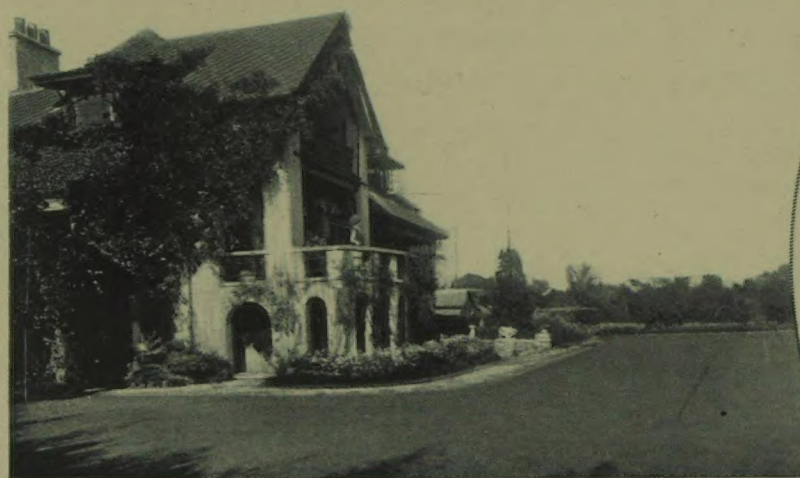
The first act was interesting, if a little encumbered with talk. Then came the court scene—a wonderful reproduction of the whole procedure, witnesses, counsel's addresses, cross-examination, and all. It was as if we spent an hour in Justice Eve's purlieus; all was correct except that the witnesses taking oath kissed the Book, which is no longer etiquette. The atmosphere was grim, charged with anguish. Miss Isabel Jeans, "Leo," grilled in the witness-box, was a pathetic figure; counsel were relentless in the rigour of their destruction (both Mr. James Carew and Mr. Felix Aylmer were life-like in their deadly scrutiny). At length Leo, faltering in anguish, could no longer stand the moral torture; in violent outburst she admitted her guilt. We were as thunderstruck as the court. It was a capital and quite possible *coup de théâtre*. Her confession had, as we learned later on, a strange effect on the jury. They dismissed the suit: they—a wonderful thing for a British jury—read innocence in her admission. Fiction is often stranger than truth. Yet the issue seemed quite plausible: things happen in courts of justice which are as surprising as life's unexpected vagaries.

In the third act the play deviates from reality into rambling, and from logic into a forced solution. Here was an opportunity for a fine scene of feeling.



MISS DOROTHY GISH IN THE NAME-PART OF "MADAME POMPADOUR": THE CHARMING HEROINE OF A NEW BRITISH NATIONAL PICTURE NOW BEING MADE AT ELSTREE.

A PIECE OF ENGLAND IN CHINA: AN ENGLISH HOME IN SHANGHAI.



VERY LIKE A MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE IN THE HOMELAND, WITH ITS LAWN AND FLOWER-BEDS: A TYPICAL ENGLISH HOUSE AND GARDEN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SHANGHAI.



WITH AN ENGLISH-LOOKING ROOF AND CHIMNEYS IN THE BACKGROUND (RIGHT): PUNT-PADDLING ON A TREE-BORDERED LAKE, WITH A RUSTIC BRIDGE, IN THE GROUNDS OF THE SAME HOUSE AT SHANGHAI.



AS IT MIGHT BE IN KENT OR SURREY: THE DRAWING-ROOM IN THE SAME HOUSE AT SHANGHAI, FURNISHED IN A STYLE THAT IS THOROUGHLY ENGLISH.

Now that all eyes are turned to Shanghai, especially in regard to British residents, it is interesting to see what one of their homes looks like. Any idea that British people in the Far East live under peculiar Oriental conditions will be dispelled by these photographs of an English home at Shanghai. Everything about the house—except, perhaps, the extent of the verandahs and balconies and open colonnades—looks peculiarly English in style and atmosphere, while the lawn and grounds might be a piece of England itself. The British abroad carry with them their taste in architecture, furniture, gardening, and sports. Shanghai is no exception. As a writer in the "Times" said recently, describing a newcomer's impressions on landing there and proceeding up the Nanking road: "Presently, the traveller finds himself passing an essentially Anglo-Saxon race-course and recreation-ground, and entering a super-suburbia, where there are big villas and jolly gardens, riding roads, country and golf clubs. Beyond lies open country."



LITTLE SUGGESTIVE OF THE FAR EAST: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME HOUSE FROM THE GROUNDS—A CHARACTERISTICALLY ENGLISH SCENE IN FAR SHANGHAI.



VERY ENGLISH IN STYLE, WITH ITS BEAMED CEILING, KNEE-HOLE TABLE, TELEPHONE, AND DIAMOND-PANED WINDOWS: A ROOM AND LOUNGE IN THE SAME SHANGHAI HOUSE.



BY NO MEANS ORIENTAL IN ITS FURNITURE AND GENERAL ATMOSPHERE, SAVE FOR THE BIG CHINESE VASE: THE INTERIOR OF THE DINING-ROOM IN THE SHANGHAI HOUSE.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE coming of the spring flowers is always anxiously, I might even say rapturously, awaited, though the earliest are too delicate to sustain the harshness of January, and need the shelter of our greenhouses, whence, at will, they may be brought indoors. They afford us unspeakable joy, and at the same time arouse our impatience for the advent of bright patches of colour in the garden once more. As the season approaches one finds oneself counting on the re-appearance of old favourites. January brings us the cyclamen and the anemone. But this year, unless I am greatly mistaken, there must have been many among those who, like myself, sigh in vain for a garden and so have to be content with what is obtainable from the florist, who received a painful shock when they saw this season's cyclamens.

Most of us, probably, hold this flower, the "coronet" of spring, in affectionate regard. But a feeling of something like fury possessed me when I started out the other day to purchase a plant or two for the sake of their cheering blooms. Nowhere could I find the flower I set out with such confidence to bring home. The "latest thing" in cyclamens is a nightmare. The beautiful, symmetrical, upturned ring of petals, wherever I went, were replaced by blooms whose petals were so distorted and twisted as to look like nothing so much as bits of coloured rag very inartistically stuck upon the end of a long stalk. I did, eventually, succeed in finding one plant bearing a semblance to the real thing; but, as will be seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3), the petals are, even here, twisted after the fashion of one of the propeller-blades of an aeroplane. For the rest, the poor things looked as though they were suffering from rheumatoid arthritis!

Why should the gardener follow the lead of the "impressionist" in art, who is always striving to persuade us that "uglification" and distortion is art? Perhaps it is, but those of us who have normal eye-

Yet directly one begins to study what we may call the "architecture" of flowers, one finds oneself in a new world of interests. These blooms become at once something more, infinitely more, than so many fragile, fleeting, coloured shapes. Apart from the mere

parts of the flower, should not both ripen at the same time on the same plant.

For ensuring the release of the pollen when ripe, the stamens are armed with rigid points at their free extremities, so that they stand in the way of insects coming to drink the coveted nectar at the base of the flower. The fruit-stalk of the cyclamen has a remarkable history. That of *Cyclamen europæus*, for example, undergoes spiral torsion and contraction. By this torsion the capsule, while still green, is drawn into the ground, in the autumn, where the contained seeds ripen. In the following summer, the desiccation and break-up of the twisted fruit-stalk results in pulling the fruit out of the ground again; the lower portion of the stalk rots, and the part which is left forms a claw surmounting the capsule. This latter, full of seeds, now lies loose on the ground, and adheres to the foot of any animal that treads on it, and so disperses them to prevent overcrowding.

In some species of cyclamen especially, the leaves have a conspicuously flecked appearance, patches of light-green standing in contrast with the darker green of the main surface of the leaf. This has a

curious significance, for it is intimately associated with rapid transpiration, or the exhalation of water vapour. In the pale areas the spongy tissue of the leaf is changed by the enlargement of the cells of which that tissue is composed, so as to increase the surface area of the cells; and on the under-side of the leaf, in these pale areas, if it be examined under the microscope, the number of the "stomata," or breathing-pores, will be found to be enormously increased to permit the escape of the surcharged water.

Finally, the name "sow-bread," by which the cyclamen is also known, is derived from the fact that the great turnip-like "corm" (Fig. 2) from which the leaves spring, is eaten by swine in Italy, in spite of its acrid taste. This acidity, by the way, caused such corms to be held in repute for medicinal purposes in days gone by.

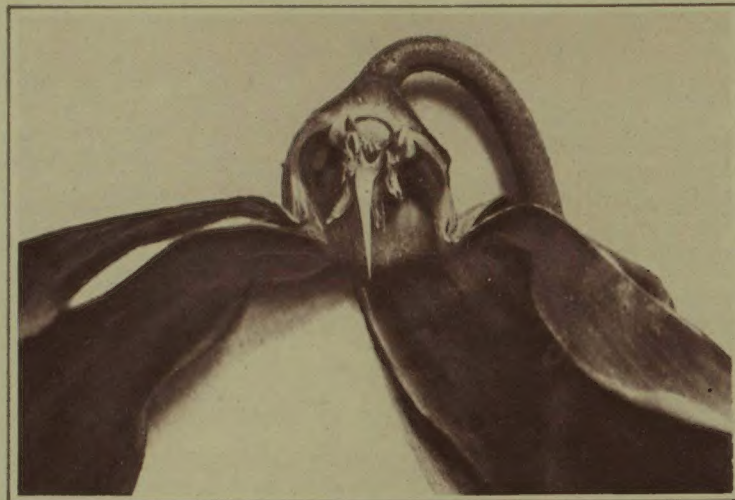


FIG. 1.—HOW THE CYCLAMEN PROTECTS ITS NECTAR FROM ALL BUT POLLEN-BEARING INSECTS: A FLOWER SHOWN IN SECTION.

When the cyclamen flower is seen in section the outward bending of the stamens to protect the nectar is well seen. At the base of the long style, or pistil, lies the ovary.

anatomy of the flower, which presents an almost bewildering range of variation in the matter of the form, arrangement, and number of the petals, stamens and pistils, and so on, one discovers most amazing devices for the fulfilment of fertilisation, the dispersal of the seeds, and the remarkable histories of the seedlings. And it is in the flower, too, that we must seek for affinities, though at first sight this would seem a hopeless task. Who, for instance, from the mere superficial inspection of their flowers, would suppose that the pale primrose and the cyclamen were near relations? Yet such is the case. This relationship is established, not by the shape of the flower, but by the arrangement of its reproductive organs. Root, stem, and leaves in these two plants are utterly unlike, as unlike as their flowers; nevertheless, the relationship between the two is unequivocal.

The most striking peculiarity of the cyclamen flower is the form of the petals, which turn abruptly upwards from the base, to form the dainty diadem which gives this plant such a peculiar charm, apart from the great range of coloration it presents. But, besides this, the stamens are so arranged as to protect the nectaries, or "honey-bearing" portions of the base, from all but the insects most suitable for carrying out the task of fertilisation—that is to say, the transference of the pollen from the ripe anthers to other flowers wherein the pistil is ready to receive it (Fig. 1).

Darwin, years ago, made some interesting experiments to show the importance of cross-fertilisation in the case of the cyclamen. The cross-fertilised plants were not only vastly more vigorous, but produced far more seeds. Twelve crossed plants produced forty seed-capsules; the same number of self-fertilised only five. He then counted the number of seeds in one of the finest capsules of the crossed plants, and found it contained seventy-three seeds, while the finest of the seed-capsules of the self-fertilised contained only thirty-five. In the following year he reared the progeny of these plants. Those from the crossed parents not only flowered earlier and produced more vigorous plants than the self-fertilised, but the latter either produced no flowers at all, or very few; and all the plants which bore them were "miserable specimens." From this it is clear that it is of vital importance that the stamens and pistils, or male and female



FIG. 2.—WHY THE CYCLAMEN IS CALLED "SOW-BREAD": A PLANT WITH ITS TURNIP-LIKE "CORM," FANCIED BY PIGS. The solid turnip-like "corm" from which the stem and leaves arise, though possessing an extremely acrid taste, is greedily eaten by pigs, in Italy. Hence the name, "Sow-bread."

sight and healthy minds find such "art" repellent. If our old favourites must be made to "advance with the times"—horrible thought!—for heaven's sake let this advance be in the direction of added beauty. Yet why strive so hard to gild the rose? In the course of the year I see many gardens and meet many gardeners, yet rarely indeed do I meet one who is interested in anything more than the purely superficial characters of his treasures—the colour and shape of his flowers, and the gorgeous effects they produce when seen in masses.



FIG. 3.—DISTORTIONS ARTIFICIALLY DEVELOPED IN THIS YEAR'S CYCLAMENS: PETALS LIKE "BITS OF RAG."

"This season's" cyclamen is a departure in the wrong direction. The plant in the foreground, it will be noticed, has twisted petals. The flower seen between the two large ones is a mere mass of twisted petals looking like rags at the end of a stalk.

MOB VIOLENCE AT HANKOW: THE BRITISH CONCESSION OVERRUN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



"IMMEDIATELY THE BRITISH FORCES WERE WITHDRAWN THE COOLIES, WITH AGITATORS, SWARMED INTO THE CONCESSION, DISMANTLING THE SANDBAG REDOUBTS AND STEALING BAGS": PART OF THE MOB AT HANKOW ENGAGED IN RAIDING AND LOOTING A SHOP.



THE CHINESE VARIETY OF "THE MANY-HEADED MONSTER": A TYPICAL SECTION OF THE MOB OF COOLIES AND AGITATORS SURGING THROUGH THE BRITISH CONCESSION AT HANKOW AFTER THE SMALL FORCE OF MARINES AND BLUEJACKETS HAD BEEN WITHDRAWN TO AVOID BLOODSHED.

What happened at Hankow on January 4 after the departure of the Marines and Bluejackets is vividly indicated in these photographs. "Immediately the British forces were withdrawn," says the "Times" correspondent, "the coolies, with agitators, swarmed into the Concession, dismantling the sandbag redoubts and stealing bags. Foreigners were chased, but not injured." Writing later (on the 6th), he said: "The Chinese obtained the assent of the British to the withdrawal of the naval detachments on the strength of the guarantee that troops would be placed around the Concession in order to prevent the crowds from entering. The Nationalist guards, however, were overpowered by the mob, which

rushed into the Concession. . . . The Municipal buildings were taken over and the Nationalist flag raised, and soon all official buildings, except the Consulate, were flying the Nationalist flag, and the control of the Concession passed from British hands. . . . On January 5 the situation was very acute. . . . In the morning the mob began to attack the police station, which they smashed up. The appearance of additional men in uniform prevented a great disaster. The mob, finding that the Municipal Treasurer's office was sealed, began to storm various buildings, among them the Golf Club and the Union Jack Club. The whole Concession was plastered with anti-British posters."

CHINESE AGGRESSION AND BRITISH RESTRAINT AT HANKOW:

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED



BEFORE THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE MARINES AND BLUEJACKETS: ONE OF THE SANDBAG DEFENCES, DIRECTED IN THE BRITISH CONCESSION AT HANKOW, WITH ITS DEFENDERS.



SHOWING THE MARITIME CUSTOMS BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND: THE LAST SANDBAG DEFENCE AT HANKOW TO WHICH THE BRITISH FORCE RETIRED BEFORE THE WITHDRAWAL.



ON GUARD WITH THE RIFLES AND LEWIS-GUNS WHICH THEY REFRAINED FROM USING: MEN OF THE SMALL FORCE OF BRITISH MARINES AND BLUEJACKETS IN THE HANKOW CONCESSION.



AFTER THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE MARINES AND BLUEJACKETS (BEING TOO FEW TO RESIST THE MOB WITHOUT FIRING): THE SAME SANDBAG DEFENCES TORN DOWN BY CHINESE.



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN DISPERSED BY LETTING OFF A CRACKER: A SECTION OF THE CHINESE RIOTERS RUNNING ALONG THE BUND IN THE BRITISH CONCESSION AT HANKOW.



READY TO SUPPORT THE MOB IN THE BRITISH CONCESSION AT HANKOW IF OUR MEN HAD FIRED: A MACHINE-GUN DETACHMENT OF THE CANTONESE "RED" ARMY.

The small force of British Marines and Bluejackets who guarded the defences and barricades in the British Concession at Hankow was ultimately withdrawn, on January 4, when it was found impossible for them any longer to hold back the mob of Chinese rioters without recourse to firearms, which would have caused a serious incident. Writing from Hankow on that date, the "Times" correspondent there said: "The Naval Contingent deserves the highest praise for the magnificent restraint it displayed in facing a frenzied mob for four hours, holding back thousands of infuriated men without firing, for, if they had done so, they could have dispersed the attackers with no danger to themselves. Attention must, however, be called to the absurdly inadequate protection afforded to the British Concession at present, a fact which induces the mob to attack the Concession, as they believe that their numbers are sufficient to

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE MOB-INVADIED BRITISH CONCESSION.

BY TOPICAL.



PREPARING TO TURN A HOSE ON THE MOB OF CHINESE RIOTERS IN THE BRITISH CONCESSION AT HANKOW DURING THE DISTURBANCES EARLY IN JANUARY: TWO MEMBERS OF THE FIRE BRIGADE BESIDE "KNIFE-REST" AND BARBED-WIRE DEFENCES GUARDED BY MARINES AND BLUEJACKETS.



DISPLAYING REMARKABLE RESTRAINT AND FORBEARANCE UNDER GREAT PROVOCATION FROM THE CHINESE MOB URGED ON BY MEN OF THE CANTONESE FORCES: A THIN LINE OF BRITISH MARINES AND BLUEJACKETS IN THE BRITISH CONCESSION AT HANKOW KEEPING BACK AN INSULTING CROWD OF RIOTERS.

intimidate the one thin line of naval men extended across the Bund and foreshore." An authoritative account of the incidents prior to the British withdrawal was supplied a few days ago to Mr. Duckworth, M.P., by the Foreign Secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain. "A large mob," he stated, "incited by inflammatory orators, attempted to break into the British Concession. Accordingly at 1 p.m. a small force of Marines was landed. During the whole afternoon these men were under a heavy fire of bricks, stones, etc. There would have been every justification for their returning the fire, but, as a matter of fact, no shots were fired. Several of the bluejackets were knocked down, and in the course of bayonet charges to rescue them two Chinese were injured. The statement that Chinese were killed is incorrect. A telegram on January 4 stated that all the British injured were doing well."

THE "SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS" OF THE BALLOON-JUMPER: A REMARKABLE NEW SPORT COMING HERE FROM AMERICA.

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

BRYAN DE GRINEAU. (COPYRIGHTED)



"HURDLING" ON A GIGANTIC SCALE. OVER TREES AND ROADS: BALLOON-JUMPERS AND FORTY FEET HIGH, BY MEANS OF BALLOONS ATTACHED TO THE

This remarkable new form of sport, known as balloon-jumping, which has already become popular in America, is likely before long to be introduced into this country. As explained in the above notes on the illustration, the balloon has a lift of all but 4 lb. of the jumper's weight, and enables him to accomplish leaps averaging about 100 yards in length and 40 ft. in height. In a strong wind a man has been known to career across country in gigantic jumps of a quarter of a mile at a time. The result is something approaching the "seven-league boots" of the fairy story. In order to control the dimensions of his jumps, and (presumably) avoid collisions with obstacles, the jumper carries some loose ballast in his pockets, and can also prevent excessive "lift" by

CAREERING ACROSS COUNTRY IN A SERIES OF LEAPS A HUNDRED YARDS LONG BODY WITH A LIFT OF ALL BUT FOUR POUNDS OF ITS WEIGHT.

operating a valve at the base of the balloon allowing the gas to escape. Several well-known British aeronauts are interested in the sport. Mr. C. R. Fairley, the well-known designer and constructor of Fairley aeroplanes, who has watched it in the States, considers it very amusing. Squadron-Leader Maurice Wright and Mr. F. P. Raynham, pioneers of flying and gliding, are very keen to organise balloon-jumping in Britain. Lieut.-Col. W. A. Bristow, the aeronautical engineer, has suggested a light rigid framework for the balloon, enabling it to receive all the thrust of the jumper's movement, and thus rendering the jumps more effective. The sport opens up a prospect of astonishing possibilities in spectacular cross-country "hurdle races" on a gigantic scale.

Riches of the East—From Treasuries of the West.

"OLD ORIENTAL CARPETS." VOL. I.*

THE Flying Carpet of Tangu and of the Prince Housain, bearer of select solitaires to the sojournings of their choice; the silken Carpet of Solomon, laden with King and Courtiers—humans on the right of the throne, spirits on the left—its green shaded from the glare by the outstretched wings of birds, its journeyings warranted by the Winds; these are the carpets everybody knows. Theirs, however, is the mere magic of migration. The magic of beauty and of rarity must be judged at least as worthy of record. Hence the welcome for "Old

treasuries of churches, and in private collections; even in the East there cannot be found a more remarkable accumulation of such treasures. . . . In no other work has been brought together so rich a collection of outstanding examples."

That is but the truth. Nothing could be more illuminating, or more engrossing, than the sixteenth and seventeenth century specimens under consideration, and, it must be added, better representations could not be attained.

Before turning to certain pieces, let us note the scope of the volumes. "The new work consists of two parts, each containing sixty plates. The carpets of the Austrian Museum for Art and Industry, in this first volume, may be regarded as the most important collection of carpets in the world, now that the already rich Museum-collection has been augmented by the treasures of the Imperial House, hitherto partly unknown.

"The second volume will contain the most important carpets in the older work, with the exception of those now in the Austrian Museum, as well as additional examples hitherto unknown or inadequately published."

Mr. Trenkwald writes: "The present volume deals only with carpets in the Austrian Museum for Art and Industry, and it may be regarded as a catalogue of them." But what a catalogue and what carpets!—Persian; Indian; so-called Armenian (Caucasus region); Egyptian (Egypt and Turkey); Asia Minor; and Turkish, with subordinate groupings; carpets perfect and imperfect, complete and fragmentary, but all of exceeding value.

Remark a few.

First and foremost is "beyond dispute, the most important and most representative of all hunting-carpet," a unique specimen from a sub-classification of Persian animal-carpet. Of this it is written: "The hunting-carpet was made in a Court factory of the Safvidian dynasty, probably in the time of Shah Tahmasp (1524-1576.) A court-painter prepared the design. F. R. Martin believes that he has identified this artist in the miniature-painter Sultân Muhammad, a pupil of Behzâd and Mirek, who worked for Shah Tahmasp. According to tradition the carpet was taken to Vienna about 1698 as a gift from Peter the Great to the Emperor Leopold I. It is now the most celebrated ancient carpet."

Next may be mentioned a classical Persian carpet, with effective design spread with supreme sureness over the surface and much charm of colour—"the most valuable and beautiful of the animal-carpet in the Museum." The inscription in the border of this contains verses in Persian. "Unfortunately it is so greatly injured in places, particularly at the ends of the carpet, that a connected reading and translation cannot be given. In any case we have to do with an occasional poem, as the halting verses show, and not with a quotation from one of the greater Persian poets. It has probably been indited by the maker or orderer of the carpet as a dedication for the future owner." Hans Demel has translated some of the lines as follows—

The new-born blossom gives up the wine, which it has, to the wind.
The tender cloud scatters every ruby which it finds
To them who fondly imagine the meadow like the roof of heaven.
Raise thy head and see the trees, which at daybreak
Make their prayer for the ruler of the world and entreat
That he may ever enjoy fame and might.

Then so-called Herati carpets, "Polish," "Armenian," Indo-Persian, and so on, including the "Portuguese" illustrated opposite—one of the carpets "considered to have been woven for Portugal or Goa, the Portuguese settlement in India."

So to "one of the most beautiful vase carpets," and to those "Damascus" carpets whose provenance has been so much discussed. Concerning these it is noted that Friedrich Sarre has shown them to be Egyptian work. "An almost completely geometrical pattern, to which the scattered plant-forms, such as small conventionalised cypress-trees, are strictly subordinated, is characteristic of this type of carpets. The colour scheme includes, chiefly for the ground, a bright cherry-red, with which light blue and yellowish-green are associated. Apart from historical considerations and documents, Sarre supports his theory by the similarity to the Egyptian art of the time." With the further information: "In regard to the carpets of Asia Minor, first of all there are two examples of the so-called Ushak carpet, representing two different types. In one the inner field has a system of compartments, corresponding generally to those

usual in Persian Safvidian carpets. The rest of the decoration consists of arabesques and slender stems. The second type is that of the 'star-Ushak,' in which the inner field is covered with star-forms in balanced rows."

"The Turkish Court factory of Constantinople was founded by Egyptian craftsmen, and it is natural that their first productions should resemble the Egyptian. The carpets peculiar to this factory still betray a connection with Egypt. True it is that the geometrical ornamentation is abandoned, but the filling of the inner field with an even continuous pattern is retained in most examples. An association with Egyptian carpets may also be recognised in the scheme of colour and in the uniform treatment of inner field and border. The Turkish factory employed the characteristic Turkish flowers (carnations, roses, tulips, hyacinths) and curved lancet-leaves. They adopted the division of the Persian carpets by a central medallion and corresponding corner-ornaments, though in a modified and restricted fashion."

As we have said, these are but a few in the most gorgeous gathering; but they serve to call attention to the rest, and cannot fail in their appeal to the connoisseur and art-lover. The reproduction of them, as of the others, is perfect, whether it be in colours or in monochrome; and there is text sufficient to discuss their technicalities and peculiarities, text, too, which gives the uninitiated a number of pointers as to knotted carpets—tapestry carpets are not to be found in this volume.

Suffice it, for the rest, to quote an announcement before publication, an announcement fully justified of its optimism: "Thirty years of research . . . have made it evident that a number of specimens included in the original work were, both from the points of view of science and art, of slight importance and needed to be replaced by more valuable ones discovered since, which have either not been published or, if so, have been inadequately reproduced. The time has therefore come for the issue of a new publication, taking as its basis the original work, but treating afresh the whole of the material known at the present day, in accordance with present scientific, artistic, and technical requirements. The reproductions of the new edition will far surpass the old, for it is in this field that enormous progress has been made during the last thirty years. Favourable circumstances have made it possible to reproduce the carpets by a direct process, and, for the purpose of the coloured plates which form the bulk of the work,



SHOWING THE CHINESE DRAGON-HEADED HORSE? A FRAGMENT OF A PERSIAN ANIMAL-CARPET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Referring to the inner field, the editors note: "Across the stems animals are disposed in decorative order: to the left at the top a ch'ilin, to the right, a fallow deer; in the middle a lion with silver-grey fur, adapted in his movement to the course of the stem, below this . . . two fighting animals . . . in which the lion has his usual yellow fur, and, lastly, to the right, a light grey leopard with black spots." With reference to the "ch'ilin" the translator adds: "This animal appears to be the Chinese dragon-headed horse (lung-ma)," and as to the first-named "lion," he adds: "This animal appears to be a grey wolf."

Oriental Carpets," a new and splendid issue based on the famous "Orientalische Teppiche" and "Alt-orientalische Teppiche," published in 1892 and 1908 as sequels to the memorable exhibition of carpets held in Vienna in 1891—the first of its kind and a "show" that was to re-prove that a fine carpet is much more than "a textile fabric used for covering floors."

The Persians of old would furnish a room with a carpet; that and nothing else, save, perhaps, an ornament or two in niches in the walls. A hundred and eighty-odd years ago an English dictionary defined a carpet as "a covering for a table" and Europe still trod straw and rush, with flowers and sweet herbs to lend them scent to mask their mustiness and give safety against noxious "vapours." But there is this to be said: the shoeless believer did little damage with his tread, and so had small need to watch the wear of the products of his looms; while the booted infidel was in a different position: he deemed the carpets of the Orient too precious to be trampled upon, and ranked them as heirlooms to be inventoried amongst covetable belongings and displayed only to the wise and understanding. Wherein the West builded better than it knew; for thus it became possible for the Editors of the volume under review to write: "Attention was . . . drawn to the treasures of this kind which had been preserved from early times in the European Courts, the



FROM "THE MOST IMPORTANT AND MOST REPRESENTATIVE OF ALL HUNTING-CARPETS": A BOWMAN OF A PERSIAN HUNTING-CARPET OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Illustrations Reproduced from the Large Coloured Plates in "Old Oriental Carpets."

the originals have been in most cases accessible for testing and comparison right up to the moment of completion. For the first time the real beauty of these carpets is made apparent." E. H. G.

* "Old Oriental Carpets." Issued by the Austrian Museum for Art and Industry. With text by Friedrich Sarre and Hermann Trenkwald. Translated by A. F. Kendrick. Vol. I. (Sole Agent for sale in the British Empire, Bernard Quaritch, Ltd.) Complete in 2 vols., imperial folio, with 120 Plates in Colour and Monochrome; Subscription price for the 2 vols., £56.

WITH TRADITIONAL SEA-MONSTERS: A SO-CALLED PORTUGUESE CARPET.

REPRODUCED FROM "OLD ORIENTAL CARPETS," ISSUED BY THE AUSTRIAN MUSEUM FOR ART AND INDUSTRY. WITH TEXT BY FRIEDRICH SARRE AND HERMANN TRENKWALD. TRANSLATED BY A. F. KENDRICK. VOL. I. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, ANTON SEERGER AND CO., VIENNA, AND KARL W. HIERSELMANN, LEIPZIG. (SEE REVIEW ON ANOTHER PAGE OF THIS ISSUE.)



WITH A BOATING SCENE (PRESUMABLY HISTORICAL) NOT YET INTERPRETED: A REMARKABLY INTERESTING PERSIAN CARPET, OF A TYPE WOVEN FOR PORTUGAL OR GOA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

This beautiful carpet, of seventeenth-century Persian manufacture, has a total length of about 21 ft. and a width of about 11½ ft. A little less than half of it is represented here. "The so-called Portuguese carpets," we read in the volume mentioned above, "are considered to have been woven for Portugal or Goa, the Portuguese settlement in India. The representations upon them are presumably based upon an historical event. . . . In each of the four corners of the inner field is repeated a remarkable subject—two sailing boats with their occupants. The scene is not yet interpreted. . . . The little boat, with keel curved upwards at

both ends alike, and with figure-heads, appears to be occupied by three natives. In the larger boat, which has a raised platform at the stern, are three Europeans in the costume of Spain or Portugal. The water is rendered by blue zig-zag lines on a white ground, as it is in the later garden-carpets; it is enlivened by fishes, a sea-monster, that raises its head out of the water, and other sea-creatures of jelly-fish or polypus type. . . . This representation of the water with fishes and sea-monsters is traditional. It is found far back in paintings of Hither Asia of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries."

HUMAN SACRIFICE AS A DANCE MOTIF: A CENTRAL AFRICAN "PARODY."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALEXANDER JACOVLEFF, ARTIST OF THE CITROËN TRANS-AFRICAN MOTOR-CAR EXPEDITION.
SINCE SHOWN AT HIS EXHIBITION IN PARIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



WHETTING THE SACRIFICIAL KNIVES IN "THE DANCE OF THE KULI-KUTA":
A NATIVE "PARODY" OF ANCIENT HUMAN SACRIFICES IN DAHOMEY.

This very striking picture by M. Alexander Jacovleff represents a performance, described as "The Dance of the Kuli-Kuta," at Niamey, capital of the French Niger Colony, during the Citroën motor-car expedition across Africa from Algeria to Madagascar. M. Jacovleff, who accompanied the expedition as its official artist, is a Russian who studied painting in Leningrad, Paris, and Italy, and has also travelled much in the Far East, including China and Japan. In Africa he did a large number

of paintings and drawings of native types, as well as animal life and landscape. His work, which forms a complete ethnographic and zoological record of the regions visited, entitles him to be considered as the artist of Africa *par excellence*. He afterwards held exhibitions of his African studies in Paris, at the Galerie Charpentier and the Pavillon Marsan. Three pages of reproductions (one in colour) from them appeared in our issue of November 20 last.

LAWRENCE'S "SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM": PICTURES EXHIBITED.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, WHERE THE ORIGINALS ARE ON EXHIBITION. EMIR FEISAL AND SHERIF SHAKIR BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. JONATHAN CAPE, LTD.



A CHARACTERISTIC ILLUSTRATION TO COLONEL LAWRENCE'S "SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM": AT A WELL—BY J. C. CLARK.



ON EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, WITH OTHER PICTURES FROM THE BOOK: IRISH TROOPS BEING SHELLED—BY HENRY LAMB.



FROM THE PRIVATELY ISSUED "SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM": EMIR ABDULLA — BY ERIC H. KENNINGTON.



THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM": COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE—BY ERIC H. KENNINGTON.



HEAD OF THE ARAB ARMY DURING THE REVOLT AGAINST THE TURKS: THE EMIR FEISAL—BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, A.R.A.



"THE SPY WHO WAS OUR MOST EXCELLENT INFORMANT IN THE WAR": ALAYAN—BY ERIC H. KENNINGTON.



"A DOUR PURITAN" WHO DISDAINED GOLD AND MERCHANDISE IN FAVOUR OF BLOWING-UP TRAINS: SAAD EL SIKEINI—BY ERIC H. KENNINGTON.



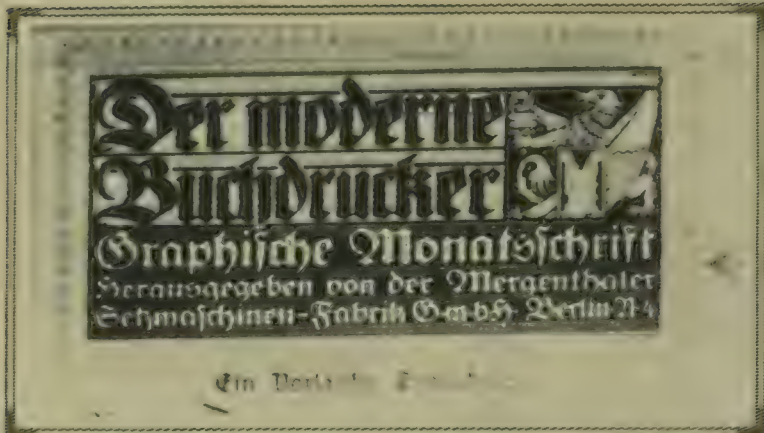
BRAVE, BELOVED, RICH, AND "THE FINEST HORSEMAN IN ARABIA": SHERIF SHAKIR—BY ERIC H. KENNINGTON.

"Seven Pillars of Wisdom," in which that remarkable personality, Colonel T. E. Lawrence, tells the story of the Arab revolt against the Turks, and his romantic part in it, has been published privately in a limited edition, available only to those approved by the author. The price is thirty guineas; but that is merely the issue-price; in fact, copies are so hard to come by that a hundred pounds a copy has been refused on a number of occasions, and the work will undoubtedly be a collectors' prize. That

being so, exceptional interest attaches to the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of pictures which have been reproduced in the volume. Colonel Lawrence—who was reported in December to have sought solitude under an assumed name, and as a private in the R.A.F.—first wrote his book in the Emir Feisal's temporary home in Paris; then he lost the manuscript, notes, and a number of photographs at Reading Station, and they were not recovered. The re-writing was done in London and elsewhere.

CHEQUES, DOCUMENTS, AND PORTRAITS WIRELESSED 6000 MILES.

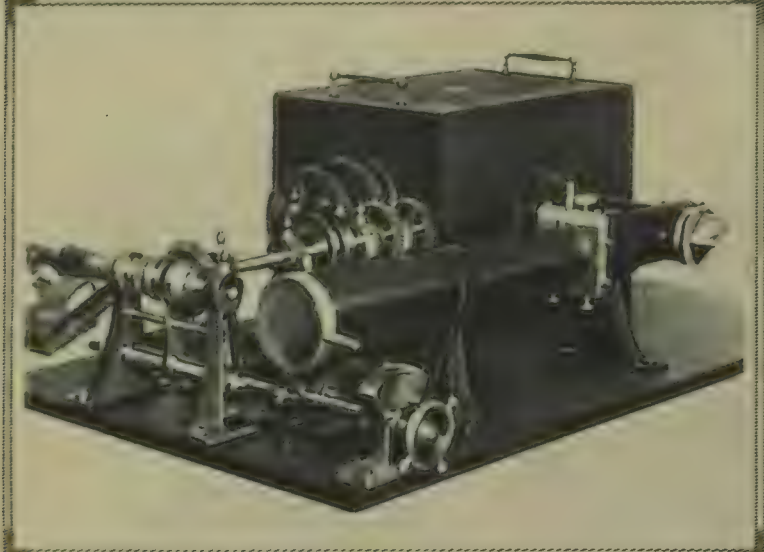
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES" AND DANIEL, BERLIN.



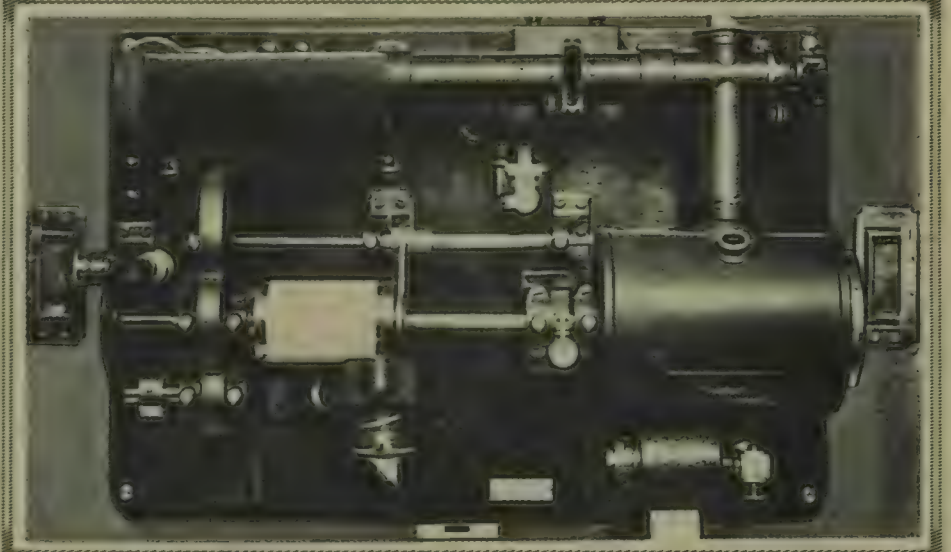
TRANSMITTED BY WIRELESS FROM BERLIN TO LEIPZIG BY A NEW AND RAPID METHOD: THE TITLE OF A GERMAN MAGAZINE—"DER MODERNE BUCHDRUCKER," AS RECEIVED IN LEIPZIG WITHIN A FEW MINUTES.



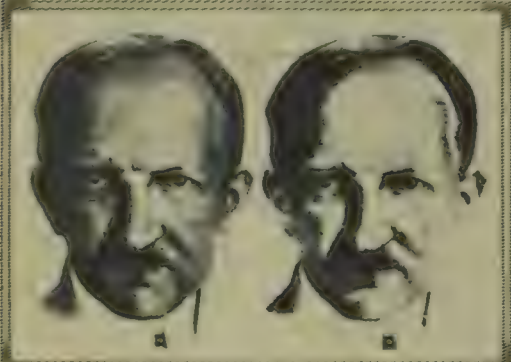
A NEW WAY OF SENDING MONEY TO A DISTANCE: A CHEQUE AS RECEIVED IN LEIPZIG BY WIRELESS TRANSMISSION FROM BERLIN—A REPRODUCTION OF THE ACTUAL ORIGINAL PLACED ON THE TRANSMITTER.



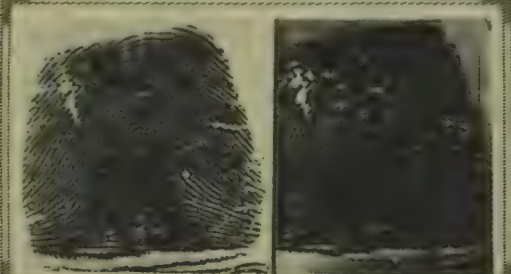
TRANSFORMING ELECTRIC IMPULSES RECEIVED FROM THE TRANSMITTER INTO LIGHT IMPULSES WHICH REPRODUCE THE IMAGE ON A FILM ROLLED ROUND A CYLINDER: THE RECEIVING APPARATUS.



SHOWING AN ORIGINAL PICTURE ON THE CYLINDER: THE TRANSMITTER, IN WHICH POINTS OF LIGHT, CONCENTRATED BY A LENS THROUGH A PHOTO-CELL, ARE CONVERTED INTO ELECTRIC IMPULSES.



A PORTRAIT TRANSMITTED FROM BERLIN TO, LEIPZIG IN TWENTY SECONDS: (L.) THE ORIGINAL; (R.) THE FACSIMILE AS RECEIVED.



A NEW AID TO THE POLICE: (L.) A FINGER-PRINT WIRELESSED FROM BERLIN: (R.) THE FACSIMILE RECEIVED IN LEIPZIG IN TWENTY SECONDS.



WIRELESS ART TRANSMISSION: A CHINESE PRINT AS RECEIVED IN VIENNA FROM BERLIN.

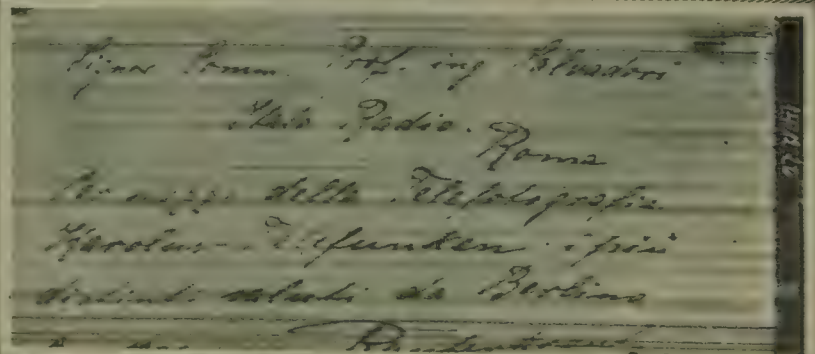


TRANSMITTED FROM NAUEN TO RIO: AN ADVERTISEMENT OF LILLIAN GISH IN "LA BOHÈME."



SENT FROM NAUEN TO RIO IN 5 MIN.: AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Science has performed a new "miracle" in the sphere of wireless communication. It was announced a few days ago from Berlin that the first Transatlantic experiments in transmitting pictures and writing in facsimile, by the Telefunken-Karolus-Siemens apparatus, had succeeded despite atmospheric difficulties. The experiments were made in one direction only—from Germany to South America—so that it was necessary to await the arrival of certified facsimiles, as received, sent to Europe by mail. Two of them, sent from the wireless station at Nauen to Rio de Janeiro, are reproduced on this page. The others were the results of earlier experiments, from Berlin to Leipzig, Vienna, and Rome. It is hoped to start a regular experimental service between Germany and Brazil, in both directions, in April or May. The short-distance transmission in Europe is now considered as definitely established. The great feature of the system is its remarkable rapidity. Transmission from Berlin to Leipzig takes only some 20 seconds, to Vienna 30 seconds, and to Rio about five minutes. The original picture or document is placed direct on the cylinder in the transmitter, so that no time is lost in making a preliminary photographic reproduction.



HANDWRITING COMMUNICATED BY WIRELESS: A FACSIMILE OF A LETTER (THE ORIGINAL OF WHICH WAS PLACED DIRECT ON THE TRANSMITTING APPARATUS) AS IT WAS RECEIVED IN ROME FROM BERLIN.

AN ART SECRET: OLD MASTERS AND NEW; A "WONDER" RESTORED.



PAINTED IN THE OIL-LESS MEDIUM OF THE BROTHERS VAN EYCK AND THE FLEMISH PRIMITIVES: "PAN AND SYRINK," BY HARRY MORLEY, IN HIS NEW EXHIBITION AT THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY.



FREE FROM THE OIL THAT HAS DARKENED MANY OLD MASTERS: "THE ANNUNCIATION," BY HARRY MORLEY, PAINTED WITH AN EMULSION RE-DISCOVERED FROM THE WRITINGS OF LE BEGUE (1437).



FOUND AT BUDAPEST WITH ANOTHER PORTRAIT PAINTED OVER IT (SINCE REMOVED): A REPUTED SELF-PORTRAIT BY REMBRANDT, DATING ABOUT 1639.

Six of Mr. Harry Morley's paintings, including the two reproduced above, in his Exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery in Bruton Place, have a great technical interest, apart from their artistic quality. They were "painted," we read, "with an emulsion made up from a recipe collected in Flanders by Le Begue, in 1437, supposed to be the medium used by the Van Eycks and the Flemish primitives. As painting in oils gradually became universal, the earlier process was abandoned and its secret lost. . . . It is the oil with which the colours are mixed that eventually darkens them; the early paintings, thanks to their freedom from oil, have retained their freshness. The old medium was rediscovered recently by the translation of the writings of Le Begue." Mr. Morley is represented in the Tate Gallery by "Apollo and Marsyas."—In the Hungarian Art Museum at



BOUGHT FOR £50,000 BY MR. JACOB EPSTEIN, THE MERCHANT AND PHILANTHROPIST, OF BALTIMORE: "RINALDO AND ARMIDA," A FAMOUS PICTURE BY VAN DYCK, FORMERLY OWNED BY THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.



ONE OF THE "SEVEN WONDERS" OF THE ANCIENT WORLD RECONSTRUCTED AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: A NEW MODEL OF THE CELEBRATED MAUSOLEUM (TOMB OF MAUSOLUS) AT HALICARNASSUS.

Budapest an inferior portrait, on examination, was found to have been painted over another. Removal of the upper layer disclosed the above picture, pronounced by experts to be a self-portrait by Rembrandt, painted about 1639, and resembling that in the National Gallery. A somewhat similar self-portrait by Rembrandt, signed and dated 1653, was found a few years ago in England, and was illustrated in our issue of June 6, 1925.—Van Dyck's "Rinaldo and Armida," formerly the property of the Duke of Newcastle, was recently sold to Mr. Jacob Epstein, of Baltimore, by Messrs. Knoedler, of Old Bond Street.—In the British Museum is now a model—reconstructed in the light of recent research—of the famous Mausoleum built at Halicarnassus, about 350 B.C., by Queen Artemisia in memory of her husband, Mausolus. It was then one of the "Seven Wonders of the World."

THE "JOLLIES" OFF TO SHANGHAI: MARINES BID A CHEERY GOOD-BYE TO FRIENDS ON "FAREWELL JETTY."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL PRESS.



"Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag."

There was an enthusiastic scene at Portsmouth on January 26, when a battalion of the Royal Marines, along with three Flights of the Royal Air Force and some Naval ratings, sailed for Shanghai in the transport "Minnesota." The Marines justified their nickname, "the Jollies" (immortalised in Kipling's ballad "Soldier and Sailor Too"), by the gaiety with which they sang and cheered and exchanged parting words with their friends ashore. The liner was moored at the south railway jetty, generally known in the Navy as "Farewell Jetty," from the number of good-byes that have been said there as ships left for far-off waters. On the quayside were drawn up the divisional band of the Royal Marines and the Bluejackets' band of the

"Victory," which played a series of lively airs, including "Shanghai," "Barcelona," and "The Frothblowers' Anthem." When the last gangway was withdrawn, the Marines' band played "Land of Hope and Glory," and as the liner began to move the men on board sang "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." Finally the combined bands struck up "Auld Lang Syne," and everyone cheered as the ship, moving faster, passed out into the harbour. The occasion afforded a contrast to the sailings of troop-ships during the war, when they left port secretly and silently. In those days they were painted a drab grey, but the "Minnesota" retains her black hull, white upper decks, and bright-red funnels.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: ARRESTING VIEWS OF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL DAILY



THE GREAT FLOODS IN MALAYA, WHERE RAILWAYS, BRIDGES, AND NATIVE HOUSES WERE WASHED AWAY: WATER SURROUNDING A MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE AT KUALA LUMPUR.



WITH MEN WAIST-HIGH IN THE WATER: FLOOD SCENES IN JAVA STREET, KUALA LUMPUR, THE ADMINISTRATIVE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FEDERATED MALAY STATES.



SUN-SPOTS THAT CAUSED STORMS ON THE EARTH: A GROUP PHOTOGRAPHED ON OCTOBER 12, WITH A MASS OF HYDROGEN OF EXCEPTIONAL BRILLIANCE COMPARED WITH THE NORMAL TYPE BELOW.



AFTER A FIRE AT THE WIESBADEN BARRACKS OF THE BRITISH ARMY OF OCCUPATION IN GERMANY: THE REMAINS OF THE BUILDING, WITH CANTEENS AND RECREATION ROOMS GUTTED.



WHERE THE 650 PUNJABIS, WHO RECENTLY ARRIVED AT SHANGHAI FROM HONG KONG, ARE QUARTERED IN THE GRAND STAND: THE RACE-COURSE AT SHANGHAI.



OBLIGED TO LEAVE HOMES UNGUARDED: BRITISH REFUGEES FROM HANKOW AND KIUKIANG LANDING AT SHANGHAI.

Malaya has recently suffered from great floods, which began towards the end of December, as a result of a week's heavy rain. The river at Kuala Lumpur rose 15 to 20 ft. above its normal level, and inundated the whole business centre of the town. Other districts were equally affected, and the railways and postal services of the country were disorganised, while rubber-tapping and tin-mining had to cease. Many mines were submerged, and people took refuge in trees and on roofs, from which they were rescued by motor-boats. By January 10 most of the floods had subsided, and communications were restored. The Government organised a relief fund for refugees and those thrown out of work.—The above photograph of an exceptionally brilliant sun-spot was taken on October 13 by Professor Störmer, at Bygdø, near Oslo, Norway. On the following day there was a magnetic storm on the earth that lasted about thirty-six hours, and on the 15th a remarkable Aurora-Borealis was observed.—Part of the barracks at Wiesbaden, occupied by the 2nd Batt. K.S.L.I. and Royal

MEMORABLE EVENTS AND OCCASIONS NEAR AND FAR.

PRESS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



WHERE THE RIVER ROSE 10-20 FT. ABOVE ITS NORMAL LEVEL: FLOOD WATER RUSHING OVER A BRIDGE AT KUALA LUMPUR, THE CAPITAL OF SELANGOR.



SHOWING TWO NATIVES SWIMMING AND THE TOP OF A SIGN-POST JUST ABOVE THE WATER: FLOODS ROUND THE CHARTERED BANK AT KUALA LUMPUR.



DESIGNED BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL, A REVEL OF "MERRIE ENGLAND": A MODEL OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.



MILITARY PAGEANTRY IN INDIA, WITH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY UNIFORMS: "LODGING THE COLOUR" (A CEREMONIAL PARADE OF 1758) IN A TATTOO AT FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA.



AT HANKOW: TYPICAL CHINESE STRIKE PICKETS, IN DARK-BLUE UNIFORM, WITH BANNERS, POLES, AND BADGES.



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN DESTROYED BY THE CHINESE: KU-LING, A HILL-STATION AND HEALTH RESORT ABOVE KIUKIANG, ACCESSIBLE ONLY BY MOUNTAIN PATHS.

Engineers, was recently destroyed by fire.—The Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall on February 24 will be an old-time revel entitled "Merrie England." Sir William Orpen is in charge of the Old English setting.—A military tattoo organised in aid of charity at Fort William, Calcutta, included a picturesque scene of "Lodging the Colour."—A ceremonial parade of 1758.—A force of 400 Punjabis from Hong Kong arrived at Shanghai on January 27, and 250 more the next day. They were quartered in the grand stand on the Shanghai race-course.—Several hundred women and children refugees from Hankow and Kiukiang arrived by steamer at Shanghai on January 8. They had only the clothes they wore and light hand-luggage. They spoke of looting both at Hankow and Kiukiang, and of insults from the mob. It was reported at that time that Kuiling, a hill resort twenty miles above Kuikiang, had been destroyed. Our correspondent, writing on January 21, states that "the latest news from Kuiling is that 100 Europeans, chiefly British, are still up there."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROYAL PHOTO. CO., C.N., CLULOW, ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, S. AND G., AND VANDYK.



THE FIRST CABINET MINISTER TO REACH INDIA BY AIR: SIR SAMUEL HOARE SPEAKING AT DELHI—ASKING LADY IRWIN TO CHRISTEN THE LONDON-TO-INDIA HERCULES AEROPLANE, WHICH WAS NAMED "CITY OF DELHI."



THE SPANISH "DICTATOR" AS FAMILY MAN: GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA, WITH HIS SISTER, HIS SONS, AND HIS DAUGHTERS.



PRIVATE OWNERS FLY FROM LONDON TO KARACHI: MESSRS. T. NEVILLE STACK AND B. S. LEETE, OF THE LANCASHIRE AERO CLUB, WITH THE STANDARD D.H. MOTHS, IN WHICH THEY FLEW 5500 MILES, DESPITE DIFFICULT CONDITIONS.



THE "TALLY-HO" V.C. AT WATERLOO STATION FOR THE DEPARTURE OF THE COLDSTREAMERS FOR CHINA: COLONEL J. V. CAMPBELL, V.C.



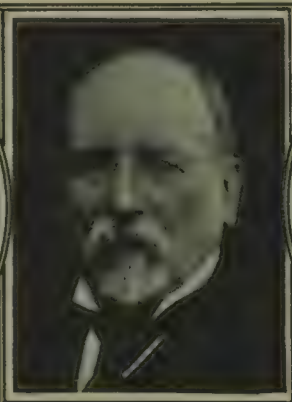
HISTORIAN AND ANTIQUARY: THE LATE DR. WALTER SETON.



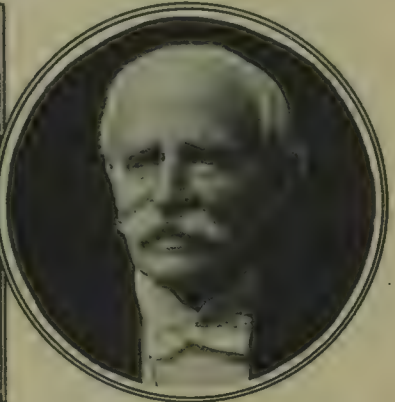
A WELL-KNOWN SPORTING MAN: THE LATE SIR ROBERT JARDINE, BT.



A WELL-KNOWN NEWSPAPER OWNER: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM T. MADGE, BT.



A FORMER LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: THE LATE SIR JAMES ROLL, BT.



THE CENTENARIAN "FATHER" OF THE GUARDS: THE LATE GEN. SIR GEORGE HIGGINSON.

Sir Samuel Hoare's flight from London to Delhi was a very remarkable affair in the history of aerial navigation, for the De Havilland Hercules of Imperial Airways not only arrived exactly to time in thirteen days, but, before the day's delay caused at Jask by a sandstorm, was never more than three-quarters of an hour behind schedule time, and often half an hour before it. The occasion was the first on which a Cabinet Minister had flown to India, and the first on which a woman (Lady Maud Hoare) had arrived in India by air. Sir Samuel delivered to the Viceroy a letter from the King-Emperor. In the photograph (from left to right) are Lady Worsley, Lady Irwin, the Viceroy, Lady Maud Hoare, Flt.-Lieut. C. V. Busk, and Sir Samuel Hoare.—Col. J. V. Campbell took over the command of

the Coldstream Guards in 1923. He won his V.C. in 1916.—Dr. Walter Seton, who died on January 26, at the early age of forty-four, was Secretary of University College, London.—Sir Robert Jardine was a member of the Jockey Club, and well known as a racing man and as interested in coursing.—Sir William Madge at one time controlled the "Globe" and the "People."—Sir James Roll, Lord Mayor of London in 1920-21, did much excellent civic work, and was particularly interested in the old Pickwick Coaching Club.—Sir George Higginson, who died on February 1 in his hundred-and-first year, was the oldest Guardsman and the oldest General of the British Army. The Duke of Connaught associated him with himself in unveiling the Guards' Memorial.

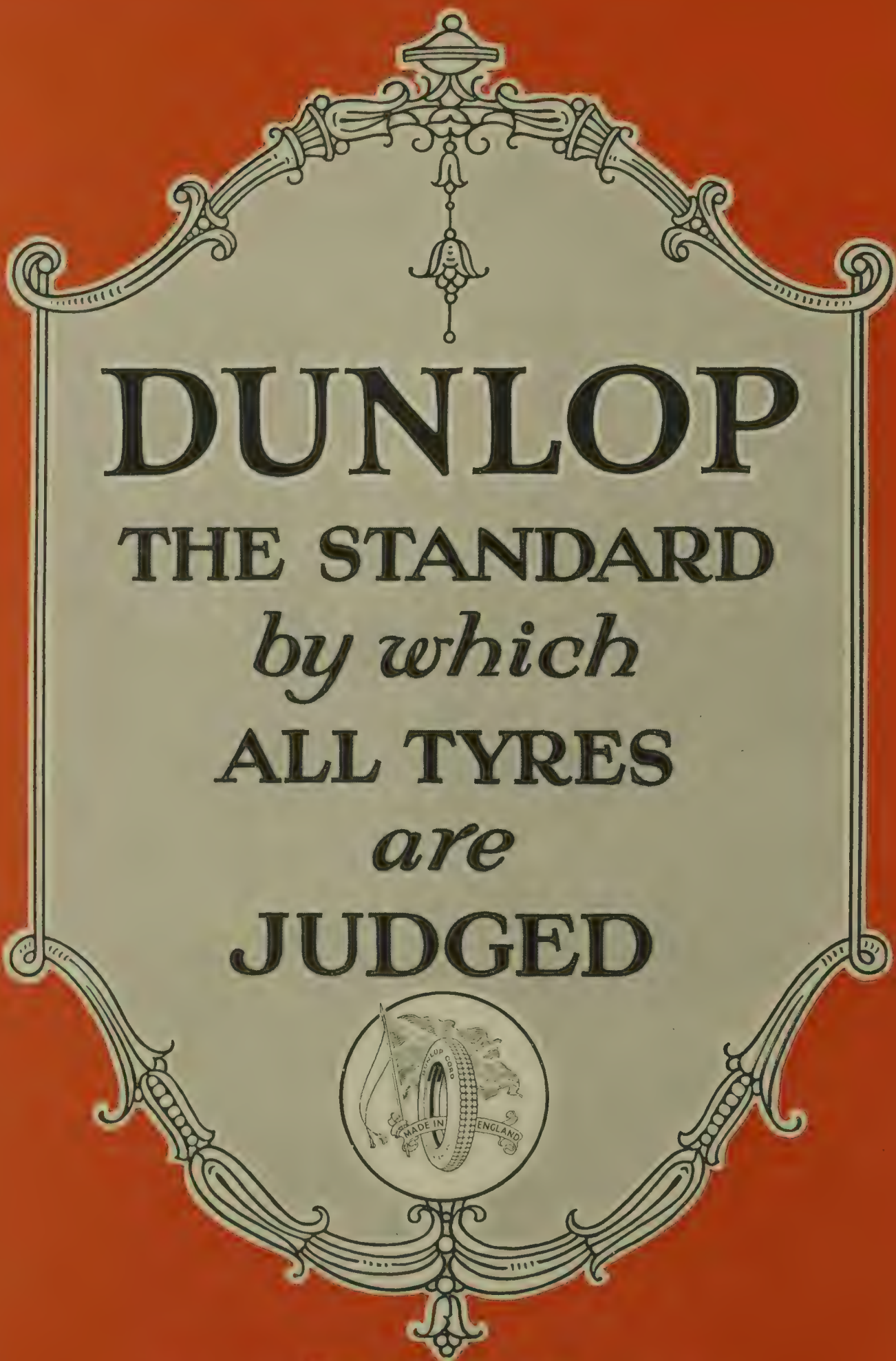
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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FOR some time I have been gathering a little hoard of books bearing on America, with a view to working up a connected article. I will begin with one by a British novelist, which, although the result of somewhat rapid impressions, tells the average Briton a great deal that will interest him about the States, and tells it in a humorous conversational way—"MY UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY." By Gilbert Frankau (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Frankau crossed the continent from New York to San Francisco and back, visiting on the way, among other places, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Kansas, Denver, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh. While at Los Angeles, of course, he went to Hollywood, the "Celluloid City," and recounts meetings with its celebrities, including Charlie Chaplin and his wife.

Elsewhere we find Mr. Frankau hobnobbing with the author of "Babbitt," and, summing up his impressions, he says: "What he who travels will observe most in this America is a spirit of hard work and hard thinking—a spirit that may well put us work-shy English to shame. For gaiety and application are the keynotes of this country; the bulk of whose inhabitants may be, as Sinclair Lewis said, children—but, being children, possess that simplicity of purpose which bends continents to its will."

Ending a vivacious record of personal experiences on a serious note, Mr. Frankau urges a proposition which I, for one, agree with him to be of tremendous importance for the world's welfare. "There is only one way," he says, "to world-peace—and that way the old way of benevolent force. Nor can any one Power wield that benevolent force, but only the British Empire and America, working together and thinking together, for Earth's common good."

No political motive inspired the visit of another noted Briton to American shores chronicled in "A WINTER IN PARADISE." By Alan Parsons. With Photographs by the Author (Philpot; 7s. 6d.). "In the summer of 1924," writes Mr. Parsons, "I was very ill, and was advised to winter abroad." He went with his wife (Miss Viola Tree) to Florida, and thence to Nassau (the chief town of the Bahamas), where they were joined by Lady Diana Cooper. "This very trivial and personal document," says the author modestly, "was written without the slightest thought of eventual publication." Therein consists its charm. "Since I wrote the above note," he adds in a postscript to the preface, "the appalling disasters in Miami, and in a lesser degree in Nassau, have shocked the world. . . . 'Paradise' I have called these places. It seems that does not exist in this world, but so I shall always think of you, my beloved old Nassau, my eager-hearted, friendly young Miami." The book is what it professes to be—a chatty little diary of a holiday trip, light and amusing.

Locality, if nothing else, provides a link with "FLORIDA TO FLEET STREET." By T. C. Bridges. With Sixteen Illustrations (Hutchinson; 21s.). The title might suggest that the author was a Floridian, but it does not cover the initial stages of his career. "In 1886," he says, "the year in which I left Marlborough, the first Florida boom was at its height, and the papers were full of advertisements of the enormous profits to be made by growing oranges." So he went and grew oranges, but did not make enormous profits, and after eight years and sundry vicissitudes, including a hurricane, he came home.

On returning to England, Mr. Bridges took to writing, and gravitated to London. The turning point of his career was an introduction to Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, then editing *Answers*, who "introduces" the present volume. The author himself recalls the early days of the Harmsworth ventures, before the birth of the *Daily Mail*—"days of the simple life," when, in a Fleet Street teashop, "you might see two or three of the brothers and a dozen or so of the staff seated in the cellar-like smoking-room . . . and few of us spent more than eightpence on a midday meal." To the late Lord Northcliffe he pays a tribute it is pleasant to read: "Even in the 'nineties envious competitors spread stories to the effect that Alfred Harmsworth took young men and picked their brains, then sacked them. Never was a more wicked libel. . . . And of his charity the half has not been written."

Anyone who has known "the street of adventure" for many years, as I have, must find this book delightful.

But its interest is not confined to journalism; it ranges over many matters—life and sport on Dartmoor (where the author dwelt), bird-protection, Dartmoor Prison, and the evil influence of "Conchie" during the war, experiences as a London "Special," in the Food Office, and in propaganda work, air raids, the Savage Club and its sociabilities, the stimulus of the war on the book trade, and the archaeological possibilities of unexplored Brazil.

In the American section of his book Mr. Bridges has some astonishing tales to tell of sea-monsters in the Gulf of Florida. "In 1923 Captain Charles H. Thompson caught, off Miami, a creature which greatly exercised the minds of American naturalists. It was 45 ft. long, weighed 33,600 lb., and had a hide three inches thick. . . . It was found to have dined on a 400-lb. octopus, a black-fish weighing 1500 lb., and in its stomach was also found nearly five hundredweight of coral. It belonged to no recognised species. It was suggested that this was one of the creatures of the abyss which had been flung up by some submarine convulsion."

from Photographs by K. R. (Scribner; 16s.).

The story is told by the two brothers alternately. "Though hunting in itself is great sport," writes Theodore, "without the scientific aspect it loses much of its charm. . . . We fixed on the Pamirs, Turkestan, and the Tian Shan mountains as our objectives. There in the Pamirs lives *ovis poli* . . . the 'father and mother' of all the wild sheep. . . . He was originally discovered about 1256 by Marco Polo, hence the name." They set forth to gather specimens of south-west Asiatic fauna for the Field Museum of Chicago, and having in their minds Kipling's verse—

I have sworn an oath, to keep it, on the Horns of *Ovis Poli*,
For the Red Gods call me out, and I must go.

They succeeded in the quest and brought back some fine specimens, and finer memories "of glorious days on the high Himalayas." The lapse of a century since Audubon wrote is perceptible in the Roosevelt style—

brisk, humorous, and colloquial. Yet, delightfully easy and entertaining as it is to read, their book is not the outcome of shallow minds. During a period of travel in an *araba* (a horse-drawn cart), Kermit writes: "Ted put in most of his time on the Bible and Shakespeare, while I had a more varied diet—three plays of Molière, Lever's (*sic*) 'Handy Andy,' and 'Westward Ho!'" (The author of "Handy Andy," by the way, was not Charles Lever, but Samuel Lover.) Other books the Roosevelts had with them were "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Ingoldsby Legends," "Plutarch's Lives," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," Kipling's poetry, and Robinson's poetry.

I wonder whether this book list, with its preponderance of Old World classics, is typical of the American traveller's reading. The only home-grown article on the literary menu was, I take it, Robinson's poetry, with which I am not familiar. My ignorance is only part of the general ignorance over here about modern American poetry, and the same difficulty, it seems, is felt on the other side. This very day I have received, in common with other bookish folk in this country, a request from an American correspondent to name our twenty best living poets; so that American readers may be saved from "floundering" at random. I shall do my best to "put them wise"—but peradventure if only ten just poets be found!

The work of a great American novelist who honoured England with long residence, and in his latter days became a subject of the King, is ably analysed and interpreted in "HENRY JAMES: MAN AND AUTHOR." By Pelham Edgar. With Portrait Frontispiece (Grant Richards; 12s. 6d.). This excellent book is more an appreciation of the author than a study of the man, though "the facts of his career" are succinctly stated. "My concern," says Mr. Edgar, "will not be to re-establish Henry James in his habit as he lived; gossip and anecdote will not be invoked for aid." He gives instead what amounts to a review of the whole range of the novelist's works, taking them in order and discussing their contents and their place in his artistic development.

Life in a small provincial town, "somewhere" in the States, at a period which I cannot quite identify, but is probably not far remote, is well portrayed by a living American novelist in a new domestic story—"THE BIG MOGUL." By Joseph C. Lincoln (Appleton; 7s. 6d. net). Foster Townsend, widower and "retired leisure," was "the big Mogul" of his county, to whom all bowed down. The plot turns on certain humiliations to his pride, the wilful ways of the younger generation, and the love affairs of the niece whom he takes into his household. There is humour, as well as romance, in these latter-day "delineations of American character."

To the recent past of American literature belongs that well-known religious work, "IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE." By Ralph Waldo Trine. Illustrated in colour by F. Cayley Robinson, A.R.A. (Foulis; 6s. net.). A sad interest attaches to this charming reprint through the death, only a few weeks ago, of the artist who did the beautiful colour-plates. Trine spoke to England as well as to America. "If when born into the world," he says, "you came into a family of the English-speaking race, then in all probability you are a Christian." We in London to-day have a visible American tribute, in the form of a far-seen piece of sculpture, "to the friendship of English-speaking peoples." May that friendship grow and prosper.

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archaeological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Ethnology are of equal value. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in both these branches of Science. Few people visiting the less-known parts of the globe fail to equip themselves with cameras, and these, in particular, we wish to inform that we are glad to consider any photographs—not only those which deal with subjects of current interest, but also those which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archaeologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

It is well known that "The Illustrated London News" treats all branches of Science in a more extensive way than any other illustrated weekly. Therefore, we urge our readers to send us not only sketches and photographs of important events throughout the globe, but also any photographs of scientific or artistic interest.

We welcome and pay well for all outside contributions published by us, and, in the event of any such contributions not being found suitable for "The Illustrated London News," we will, at the request of the sender, place such contributions in the hands of a reputable distributing agency in order that they may have a chance of being placed elsewhere.

There is a good deal about fish and fishing, too, in the Gulf and on the Ohio, in a book by a famous Franco-American ornithologist and artist—"DELINEATIONS OF AMERICAN SCENERY AND CHARACTER," by John James Audubon; with Introduction by Professor Francis Hobart Herrick; and a frontispiece portrait (Simpkin, Marshall; 18s.). Although these admirable essays are nearly a century old, in a sense they are quite new to the present generation, for they have never before been collected into a single volume. Originally they were interspersed in Audubon's monumental work, "The Birds of America" (issued in 1831-9), "to relieve the tedium of descriptive ornithology." They relate mainly to pioneer life and scientific travel between 1808 and 1834. In his own extensive prefaces, Audubon sketches his career, and his experiences in Edinburgh and London, where he at first won more honour as artist and naturalist than he had in his own country.

Since Audubon's day, natural history and scientific enterprise generally have become a national concern in the United States, and American explorers and archaeologists are active in every part of the world. A notable instance of such activities in the sphere of zoology was the journey described in "EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON," by Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt. Illustrated

"OF INCREDIBLE RARITY": A 17TH CENTURY TERRA-COTTA BUST OF CHARLES II. A HITHERTO UNKNOWN PORTRAIT-BUST OF THE "MERRY MONARCH."

By MRS. ARUNDELL ESDAILE.

WHEN Lord Keeper Guilford "settled himself in the great brick house near Serjeants' Inn," he was "scandalized at the poorness of the hall, which was very small, and withal ruinous, and never

unfortunately, been entirely lost sight of.¹ It is such missing records as the Treasurer's Accounts from 1604-1719, or the three Minute Books covering the years 1673-1832, to which we might have looked with confidence for the history of the bust—for the name of the sculptor, the price paid him, and the circumstances under which its erection was decided on; in their absence we must be contented with the evidence of the bust itself.

The Society presumably decided that a terra-cotta model, not a marble, would serve their needs; and, as English terra-cottas of the seventeenth century still in existence are of incredible rarity, we may well be glad of their choice. The King is represented in armour, wearing a periwig, the George on a chain passed twice round the neck, a lace cravat, and a cloak cast round the left shoulder and under the right. The head is so sharply turned to the left that, though the rough finish of the back proves that the bust was meant to be seen from the front only, the spectator must go to the right side to get a full view of the harsh features. The curls of the periwig are deeply hollowed, though the hollows are now obscured by paint, and the cravat is pierced in many places—details which suggest that the sculptor had in mind

marble technique, and was trying to reproduce the effects of the drill in his model.

Portraits of Charles II. were extraordinarily popular in England. More statues of him were



IN ARMOUR, WEARING A PERIWIG AND LACE CRAVAT, WITH THE GEORGE ON A CHAIN PASSED TWICE ROUND THE NECK: A RARE TERRA-COTTA BUST OF CHARLES II. MADE FOR SERJEANTS' INN ON ITS REBUILDING (1669-77).

left till he brought his brethren to agree to the new building of it."² The rebuilding accordingly took place in 1669-77, in which year the Chapel was dedicated, and the Serjeants seem to have commemorated their royal patron by the erection of the bust, here for the first time reproduced.

When the Inn ceased to exist in 1877, the whole of the paintings and engravings, which were carefully catalogued, were transferred to the National Portrait Gallery; but the bust, which was probably looked on as part of the fittings of the Hall, passed, with the materials of the Hall itself, into the hands of the late Serjeant Cox, who re-erected the whole as part of his house at Mill Hill, now (1926) empty and dismantled, while the bust itself has passed into other hands.

A large number of papers relating to Serjeants' Inn were in 1898 deposited at the Public Record Office. Among them is an excellent brief manuscript history of the Inn by Mr. Serjeant Payne, for the compilation of which he was thanked by the Board of Green Cloth on Nov. 25, 1861.³ In that work he enumerates the documents and records belonging to the Society, which were then stored in an iron chest, and which have now,

¹ Roger North, "Life of the Lord Keeper," 1826; pp. 164-5.

² "Papers Relating to Serjeants' Inn." Bundle 32.

³ Enquiries in every possible quarter have failed to elicit any news of them.

⁴ For their identification, see the *Times* for May 27, 1925.

⁵ Replaced at the end of the eighteenth century by Spiller's existing work. See the *Times* article quoted above.

⁶ H. Faber, "Life and Works of C. G. Cibber," 1926; p. 41. Cibber's Soho Square fountain, also of stone, has suffered even more than the relief on the Monument, and is, therefore, useless for our present purpose. It is now in private hands, but will one day reappear in Soho Square.



AN EXAMPLE OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH TERRA-COTTAS, WHICH ARE "OF INCREDIBLE RARITY": THE HITHERTO UNKNOWN BUST OF CHARLES II. ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN BUSHNELL, SCULPTOR OF STATUES OF THAT KING FOR THE ROYAL EXCHANGE AND TEMPLE BAR.



GIVING THE CHARACTERISTIC PROFILE OF CHARLES II. IN A SPECIALLY EFFECTIVE MANNER: A LEFT SIDE VIEW OF THE HITHERTO UNKNOWN BUST OF THE "MERRY MONARCH."

erected in London and the provinces than of any English Sovereign before Queen Victoria; but the earliest in the metropolis appears to be that erected on the Cornhill front of the second Royal Exchange in 1670-1, now, with its companion, Charles I., in the uncongenial precincts of the Old Bailey.⁴ Both were the work of Bushnell, who followed them up with a similar pair on the west side of Temple Bar in 1674, the year of Cibber's relief portrait of Charles II. on the Monument. Grinling Gibbons's statues at Chelsea Hospital and in the courtyard of the second Royal Exchange⁵ belong to the next decade, which also saw Cibber's statue on the Soho Square fountain (1681) and the effigy of the same monarch, one of a series in the niches of the inner court, destroyed in the fire at this second Royal Exchange in 1838.

Bushnell was also expecting to execute all the other statues for the Royal Exchange, though only the Gresham, now also at the Old Bailey, was ever erected. Six, nearly finished, including one of Charles II., were seen by Vertue in the sculptor's house many years later, together with two other portraits of the same monarch; so that Bushnell was the obvious man for the portrait required by the Serjeants for their new Hall. It remains to see whether the style of the bust itself agrees with his known work, or whether its authorship must be sought elsewhere, in the work, perhaps, of his chief rivals.

Grinling Gibbons seems invariably to have represented Charles II. *à la romaine*, not in dress only, but in the appropriate short hair which forms so curious a contrast with the bushy periwigs which the King habitually wore. Cibber, indeed, gave him a periwig and Roman dress upon the Monument,⁶ but that work has suffered greatly from exposure, and is, moreover,

[Continued on page 238.]

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Fashions & Fancies

A JUMPER SUIT, SOME HATS, AND A GLIMPSE OF FASCINATING LINGERIE FOR THE TROUSSEAU OF A SPRING BRIDE OR A RIVIERA OUTFIT.



A smart jumper suit for the early spring cut in checked Cumberland homespun with the selvedge forming the border. It may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., who makes a speciality of these tailored suits.

Spring Hats of Georgette.

Each year, as the Riviera welcomes more and more visitors from London and Paris, so the

spring modes become lighter and lighter in sympathy. In hats, for instance, there is already a decided vogue for the models created out of georgette or crêpe-de-Chine in the loveliest shades of amber and lapis lazuli. But so stitched are the crowns, round and round and criss-crossed with innumerable tiny silk lines, that they resemble almost solid quilts, and only their light weight betrays their gossamer nature. Sometimes these hats of georgette have plain scarves to match, decorated with a single large monogram stitched in the same way. If the hat is of gros grain, it is usually carried out in several striped colourings, the ribbon cleverly manipulated to form elaborate geometrical patterns. Fawn and the new blue, which has been poetically christened "le bleu méditerranéen," is a very fashionable alliance, and black and marron.

New Brims May Turn Up.

Women will never hide their faces for very long, and although the turned-down brim is still

comparatively new, some of the very latest, or rather, earliest, advance models for the spring season in town show the brim turned sharply up in front as it did a year ago. Felt in two shades are fashionable, with the brim in one and the crown in another, or sometimes the entire back of the hat is darker than the front! Feathers are often introduced in these tailored hats without looking in the least incongruous, such are the persuasive powers of fashion; and even flowers occasionally are seen to bloom in a single posy at the side! Indeed, modes are more tolerant this season, and you need no longer be in the extremes of severe plainness or frivolous coquetry; you may achieve the happiest of mediums, with the help of a really good milliner.

Felt and Petersham.

At Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W., there is an infinite choice of charming hats in the newest modes. The quartette pictured on this page, for instance, were chosen at random in their salons.

At the top is a captivating affair, made entirely of petersham in orange, fawn, blue, and jade, machine-stitched all over as the latest fashion

decrees. Next is a distinctive hat for more formal occasions, with a tall satin crown and a small felt brim. It can be obtained for 3½ guineas. The third is a velour decorated with an intricate geometrical design in gay colourings. The soft shady hat below with the curiously

Four attractive hats for the spring at Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W. The one above is of striped petersham, and the other of satin with a felt brim.



Velour decorated with a striking geometrical design expresses the little hat above; and the shady affair on the right is of tagel straw trimmed with a flat feather flower.

folded crown is a tagel straw trimmed with a flat feather flower. There are smart felts of every shape, some strapped with petersham and contrasting coloured felts, and trimmed with feathers and flowers in the loveliest colourings for spring in London and on the Riviera.

Some French Evening Frocks.

In evening frocks, too, there is a latitude and diversity of styles which will surely please the majority of women. The several modes are perfectly interpreted by the new French models to be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. The frock with a long coatee, not necessarily separate, is an innovation which promises to be much in vogue. One creation, for instance, has a sleeveless coat of gold lace opening on pink georgette, which is banded with gold and silver ribbon. Another, designed by

Molyneux, is of blue lace over chiffon with a separate coatee of lace. In quite a different style is a straight black crêpe-de-Chine frock of Martial and Armand, heavily embroidered with silver, rivalling a really high-waisted, full-skirted robe de style in black over pink, with a deep hem of pink. This alliance of colouring, though not new, is still to be seen owing to the fact that it is so exceptionally becoming to both blonde and brunette.

Tailored Jumper Suits.

Jumper suits as perfectly tailored as a coat and skirt will be very much in vogue this spring for town as well as country wear, and a delightful new model is pictured at the top of this page. It is of fine Cumberland homespun in a tiny check with the selvedge cleverly used to form a darker edging. The price is 8½ guineas, at Harvey Nichols, where there are many attractive models of the same genre. Another, at 7½ guineas, is carried out in fine suiting in a charming bois-de-rose shade, with a natural border of striped orange blue and green used for the facings; and a third, at the same price, has a jumper of stockinette faced with suiting, and a skirt of this material.

Boudoir Suits and Lingerie.

Every débutante who loves dancing will rejoice in the combined petticoat with knickers, pictured below, designed especially for her benefit. It is in crêpe-de-Chine with panels and frills of coffee-coloured lace, and, surprisingly enough, the price is only 39s. 9d. at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. From these, too, comes the pretty boudoir suit of pink crêpe-de-Chine and lace, which is also pleasantly inexpensive, costing 79s. 9d. Then there are simple crêpe-de-Chine boudoir suits with mock Japanese embroidery available for 65s. 9d., and those of schappé are only 32s. 9d. Pretty chemise and knickers of crêpe-de-Chine and lace can be secured for 23s. 9d. each.

Lovely lingerie from Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street, W.

The boudoir suit is of pink crêpe-de-Chine and lace.

The boudoir suit is of pink crêpe-de-Chine and lace.

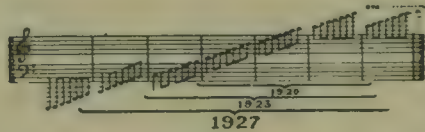


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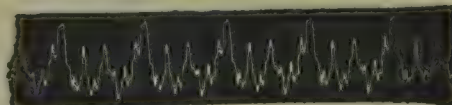
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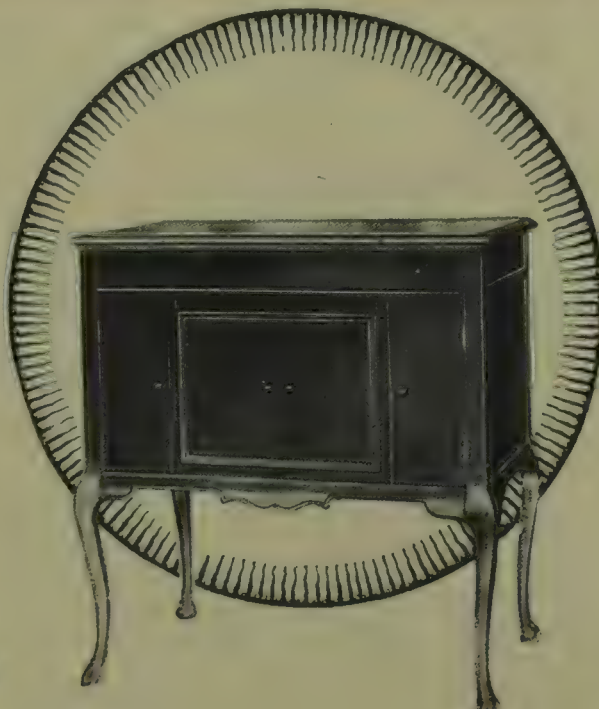
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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Lady Hosie. Lady Hosie, who spoke about China at one women's club last week, and who was a guest at the "China" dinner given by another club last night, knows a great deal about the country, and discourses on the subject very informatively.



A GREAT EXPERT ON CHINA:

LADY HOSIE.

Photograph by Vandyk.

Her book on "Two Gentlemen in China" was very ably written. Lady Hosie was born in China, where her father, the Rev. W. E. Soothill, who has done so much for education in that country, was at one time Principal of the Chinese Imperial University. She was educated in England, but went back to China after her marriage in 1913 to the late Sir Alexander Hosie, who held various important posts there until his death in 1920. Lady Hosie accompanied her father, Professor Soothill, on his visit to China last year with the China Indemnity Committee.

Dame Adelaide Anderson, the only woman member of that Committee, had only recently returned from a long visit to China. She had been asked to go there to assist in investigating factory conditions as they affected women and children—a subject on which she is, of course, one of the leading authorities. Her help was of great value. The Committee's report had not been very long published before she was asked to go out again on this second mission. She has an unusual knowledge of industrial conditions in China, and had

also unusual opportunities of meeting some delightful Chinese people.

Mrs. Laura Knight.

Mrs. Laura Knight, who is one of the best-known and most important of our women artists, is at present in the United States, where she will spend the next few months. Her husband, Mr. Harold Knight, who is also an artist of international reputation, went to Baltimore last November to execute some portrait commissions, and Mrs. Knight joined him there at the end of the year. She has discovered in the American negroes a beauty of form and simplicity that appeals to her so strongly that she is making sketches of them as studies for future work, and intends to study them very carefully from an artistic standpoint during her stay in the States. Those who know Mrs. Knight's good, strong work will understand her appreciation of these types new to her.

Mrs. Knight is a very interesting woman who has many friends outside art circles, and she inspires many of them with her own enthusiasms, and her desire that the young unknown artists in this country should have a better chance of making their work known to the public.



A WELL-KNOWN WOMAN ARTIST:

MRS. LAURA KNIGHT.

Photograph by Vaughan and Freeman.

Her husband and she like to talk about possible schemes for helping them, and one idea they have put forward is that a new and important building should be put up in some central or accessible part of London for the encouragement of all the arts, that it should be State-aided, and that exhibitions of pictures on a much larger scale than the dimensions of the

Royal Academy permit should be held there twice a year, the collections afterwards being sent into the country.

Miss Sitwell's Poetry.

Miss Edith Sitwell's theories seem so revolutionary to the average gentle reader of gentle verse, and her spirit in debate so ardent, that when she discourses on modern poetry there is always a chance of ructions. One gathers that she is quite pleased when she has poked her audience into protest. She tells

with zest the story of a young man who at the end of one of her addresses got up and scolded her, roundly declaring that the people who read poetry had the right to say what poetry should be made. She asked him what his work was, and when he said he made trams she replied, "Well, I have to ride in the trams you make. If I were to come into your workshop and tell you how to make a tram, would it be a good tram?" "It would not," said the tram-maker. "And if you came and told me how to write poetry," said Miss Sitwell triumphantly, "it would be rotten poetry."

She had a more congenial audience when she dined with the Literary Circle at the National Liberal Club a few nights ago and discoursed to them on modern poetry, its meaning and its technique. The members chaffed her unmercifully in the discussion that followed, but they did understand what she was driving

[Continued overleaf.]



A POETESS WHOSE WORK IS SUBJECT TO MUCH DISCUSSION:

MISS EDITH SITWELL.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

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(Continued.)

at, and she took it in good part. She had the support of one other poetess, Mrs. C. F. G. Masterman, who is one of the Lyttelton family—her father is General Sir Neville Lyttelton—and who protested against the critics who had told her what sort of poetry to write. Miss Sitwell had to a considerable degree disarmed her hearers, partly by the exquisite way in which she read illustrative poems, and partly by the pleasure it gave them to gaze at her as she sat there looking so curiously distinguished in her stiff gown of green and gold brocade, a huge green jewel gleaming on her slender hand, and her odd way of wearing her hair, proclaiming defiantly that, if she chose to look so unusual, she had as much right to do so as she had to write unusual verse.



ENGAGED TO MR. E. BROCKLEBANK, M.P.: MISS WISE.

Miss Grace Wise is the eldest daughter of the late Arthur John Wise, of Wold House, Nafferton, Yorks, and of Mrs. Wise, of 45, Cleveland Square. Mr. Brocklebank, M.P., is the youngest son of the late Thomas Brocklebank, of Wateringbury Place, Kent, and of Mrs. Brocklebank, of 38, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7.

Photograph by Lafayette.

for the beginning of the Session. Each of the three political parties will welcome its returning Members of Parliament at receptions on the night before the opening of Parliament. Lady Londonderry will once more be hostess for a great reception at Londonderry

House; Lady Beauchamp, who is leaving for a trip to South America with her son and daughters a few days later, will give a reception for the Liberals: and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Miss Ishbel Macdonald are acting as hosts at a reception the same night.

Women Who know China.

As always happens when a distant foreign country suddenly becomes the centre of the news, the average Englishwoman is discovering how little she really knows about it, and how vague her ideas have been. Now everyone is interested in those women in China who, with their children, have had to leave their homes and to seek shelter on our ships, and they are asking what has been the daily life of the women settled in little communities so far from England. Lady Susan Townley, who spent some years in Peking in the beginning of the century when her husband was Ambassador there, has just given a brief account of Englishwomen in China and their social life.



THE GRAHAM-LOPES WEDDING: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

The wedding took place in the Guards' Chapel last week of Miss Margaret Lopes, daughter of Sir Henry Lopes, Bt., and Lady Albertha Lopes, and Major Henry Archibald Roger Graham, elder son of Lady Askwith and the late Major Henry Graham.

Photograph by Vandyk.

Miss Emily Kemp.

Perhaps no other Englishwoman has such a varied and extensive knowledge of China as Miss Emily Kemp, sister of Lord Rochdale. She has been out there fifteen or sixteen times, staying with the missionaries, among whom she has many friends, or going off on long expeditions to places sometimes very remote. It must often amuse her very much when she travels in solitary places, having a thoroughly adventurous time, to recall how carefully she was hedged about with decorous and grandmotherly restrictions when she was a student at Oxford, because in those days dangers were supposed to haunt the steps of the woman university student.

Women and Research.

It is always an honour to be invited to address the Royal Society, and an exceptional honour when one is a girl as young as Miss C. J. Hill, who read a paper last week entitled "A Contribution to our Knowledge of the Enteric Plexuses." Sir Walter Fletcher, secretary of the Medical Research Council, last year directed students to the excellent work that women had already done in research, and suggested that some of them should devote themselves to that branch of medical science. Miss Hill has had a special inducement, for her father, Professor J. P. Hill, is Lecturer in Embryology and Histology at University College, and she has the post of assistant lecturer.



ENGAGED TO MR. ANTHONY SHAWCROSS: MISS MARY DONALDSON.

Miss Mary Vere Donaldson is the younger daughter of the late Rev. S. A. Donaldson, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and of Lady Albinia Donaldson. Mr. Anthony Shawcross is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Shawcross, of West Runton, Norfolk.

Photograph by Bassano.

Dancing in Monte Carlo.

A PART from the wonderful Opera Season which is now in full swing and drawing crowded houses to the Salle Garnier, there are so many attractions in Monte Carlo, that it is sometimes difficult for our visitors to make up their minds as to where to go.

The very complete programme of Balls for 1927 has been well arranged by the Casino authorities; the first one of these festivities, which was given on January 17th, on the occasion of the Monagascan National Fête, was a great success; the spacious and beautifully decorated Casino Music Room, in which these balls are given, was crowded with smartly dressed people.

Another very attractive one took place on Friday, the 21st, and again a week later, on the 28th. In fact, to make a résumé, these balls, which are exclusively reserved for the members of the Sporting Club and of the Salons Privés, who have the privilege of inviting two guests, generally take place on the Friday of each week, at 10 p.m., when ordinary evening dress is required; whereas on Friday, February 25th, and on Tuesday, March 1st, a mask must be worn.

On Thursday, March 24th, Mid-Lent, a gorgeous fancy-dress ball is to take place.

The children have not been forgotten, three very elaborate fancy and masked balls are given in their honour, and on Sunday, February 27th, Tuesday, March 1st, and Thursday, 24th, three balls also take place in the

Casino New Music Room, but instead of being in the evening, they are, of course, afternoon affairs; starting at 3.30 p.m. and finishing at 6 p.m.

In the course of these juvenile entertainments, some very pretty souvenirs are distributed to the wearers of the prettiest costumes.

Our visitors will be pleased to learn that the Administration will give

those elaborate floral balls which proved such attractions last year, and which take place in the imposing Atrium of the Casino, and in the theatre. There are three of these in all, and a limited number of tickets are procurable—one thousand at the most. This arrangement is to prevent too large an attendance and a crush. The Management of the Casino desire to give a certain and recherché stamp to these magnificent balls, and that is the reason why the sale of the admission tickets is limited; so that it is advisable to secure these well ahead, as they are often difficult to obtain, and always at a premium.

In March, the usual dog show will take place—weather permitting—on the Upper Terrace, at the back of the Casino. This is a very attractive item of the Monte Carlo winter season, and gives rise to some exciting scenes when the proud owners of the winners walk off with their pets decorated with the different-coloured rosettes showing whether first, second, or third honours have been secured. The day after the exhibition of the animals has taken place, attractive and costly prizes are distributed.



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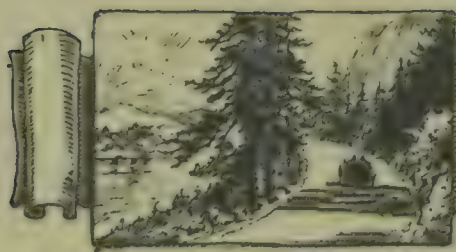
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

EYES IN THE NIGHT.

EVERY time the long dark nights come upon us roadfarers, and stay with us for such interminable weeks, we are faced with the same old lighting problems. Every year, at about this time, when people have resigned themselves to being compelled to use their lighting systems for at least an hour in each twenty-four—and an hour with worrying lights, either your own or those of others—can seem an eternity—the old questions crop up, as fresh and unanswerable as they were when electric lighting for motor-cars first came in. Do our lamps give us a safe driving light in all conditions? If not, why not? Does safety, in terms of proper road-illumination for ourselves, spell danger for others? Is it really impossible for our several lamp experts to design a fog-penetrator? If so, why? And a dozen others.

I don't know whether it is true, as it has been suggested, that the more you study a problem the

bye-law, I am told, which sometimes works well because it is more or less generally obeyed. If we all dip or dim, we all benefit by increased safety. If only some of us do, my conviction is that the dippers and dimmers run very grave if obvious risks.

As things are at present, I believe that the chief essential to safe night driving is to use as much light as possible. You may dazzle and be dazzled, but at all events in the intervals you can see where you are and what you are doing. I have tried most of the dazzle-diminishing devices on the market, and have had a certain amount of success with most of them; but none of them will interest me any more until every car I meet is compelled by law to use them. Their occasional use is hopeless.

With the swiftly growing multitudes of cars, night driving is really becoming a troublesome business

on main roads. I expect that hundreds of admirable suggestions have been received from drivers of long experience by whoever the wise men are who are considering this clause in the new Traffic Bill we are vaguely promised, and I trust that the appeal of the spotlight has not been forgotten. The spotlight is illegal, but, as it is very widely used and I have not yet heard of a user being prosecuted, I hope and imagine that magisterial commonsense and not just luck is responsible. My own experience with one or two spotlights this winter has been such as to make me think that at any rate a temporary solution of the difficulty may be found in it. If it is fixed high upon

the car—at the top of the screen, for example—has a wide range, and, above all, is really powerful, you will generally find that you can pick your way readily under the beams of a similar searchlight coming towards you.

My own inclination would be to have it on the near side of the car, as it would then be more easily controlled by a passenger, and would also be more useful for showing up the road-edge in fog. But it is essential that its rays should be really powerful. I

light on the car separately controlled, as they used to be in the early days of electric car-lighting. I would like to have a separate switch for each of my head and side lamps. This would enable me not only to halve the glare for the approaching driver, but also to effect a pleasant economy in current. The new cheap system of "Side Only," "All On," or "Off" is cheap only for the manufacturer. I have heard sensible people declare that it is dangerous to show only half lights, but I think they were talking nonsense. You show yourself to the oncomer by leaving both side-lights on, so that he knows the width of your car, and approach him with only the near headlight on. If this is very slightly set to the left-hand side you will be able to see the half of the road you are covering, and your light will not worry the other fellow. I have driven hundreds of miles in this way with considerable success—but, of course, only on straight



A CAR OF QUALITY AND DISTINCTION: THE 21-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER SIX-SEATER LANCHESTER ENCLOSED-DRIVE THREE-QUARTER LANDAULETTE.

less you find you know about it, but if it is a fact, then I should be inclined to guess that the man who uttered this profound remark had recently been having trouble with his motor-car lighting. With a certain amount of night-driving experience behind me, I still find, each winter, that there is always something about electric lighting on motor-cars which worries me, and this winter, especially, I have found ample occasion to curse the fellow who invented it.

The main thing which has struck me lately, on my unusually long night drives, has been the uneven quality of the light given off by various headlights and their bulbs. An hour's run along a fairly frequented main road like the Newmarket-Norwich will show you what I mean. You will be mildly inconvenienced by the lights of the first three cars you meet, perfectly comfortable with the next four, and practically blinded by the next five. Any or all of these may be fitted with some anti-dazzle device (I except all forms of mechanism which allow the lamps themselves to be dipped), and it may be that those which have such devices are those which bother you least. That is not the point. I have driven cars fitted with and without alleged anti-dazzling lenses which have been positively dangerous. Their beams have been of the most dazzling kind, and their driving-light very poor. It is most certainly not every blinding headlight which gives you the best driving light. The point is, it seems to me, that there is no sort of standard degree of driving light which you may be sure of getting.

So far as the evergreen dazzle question goes, I have for some time come to the conclusion that, until every road-user is compelled by law to dim or dip or control his beams in a standardised manner, the fitting of any devices to individual cars is worse than useless. The French have a new non-dazzle



THE ORIENTAL TOUCH IN MOTORING: MAUNG BA SHIN, A WEALTHY BURMESE LANDOWNER, IN ONE OF THE FOUR WILLYS KNIGHT CARS THAT HE POSSESSES.

roads. On winding roads a swivelling light is essential.

Far more than you might think can be done towards insuring a good driving light by verifying the focus of the bulbs, and, in many cases, by putting in new ones. Some makers, who ought to know better, send their cars out with incredibly bad bulbs—and save a few pence, I suppose, on the total price of the cars. But whatever you do towards making night-driving easier and safer, remember that *you must see everything it is possible to see*. It does not matter what means you adopt; I think the spot-searchlight as good as any, and separate switches—the thing that matters is that you should be able to see as clearly as possible. It is a necessity which seems to have been overlooked by some lamp-makers.

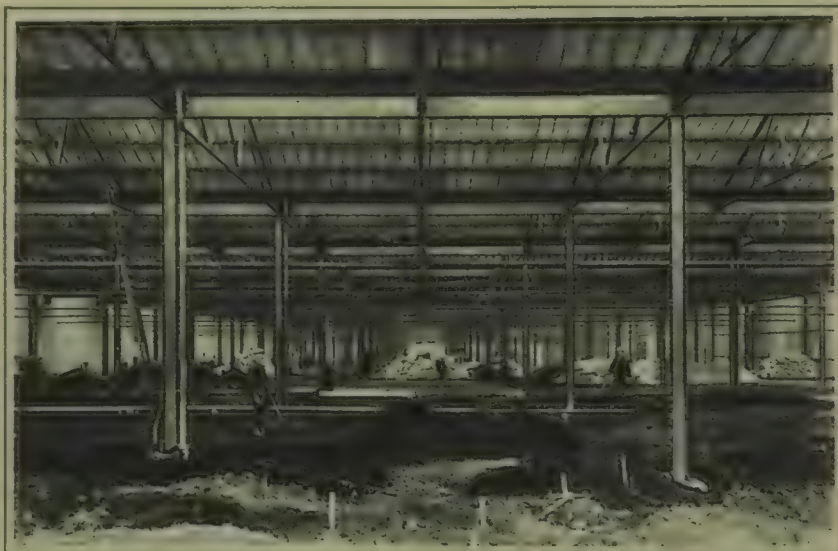
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have only driven with one spotlight in the conditions I have described which really fulfilled its purpose, and that one was, I regret to say, made abroad.

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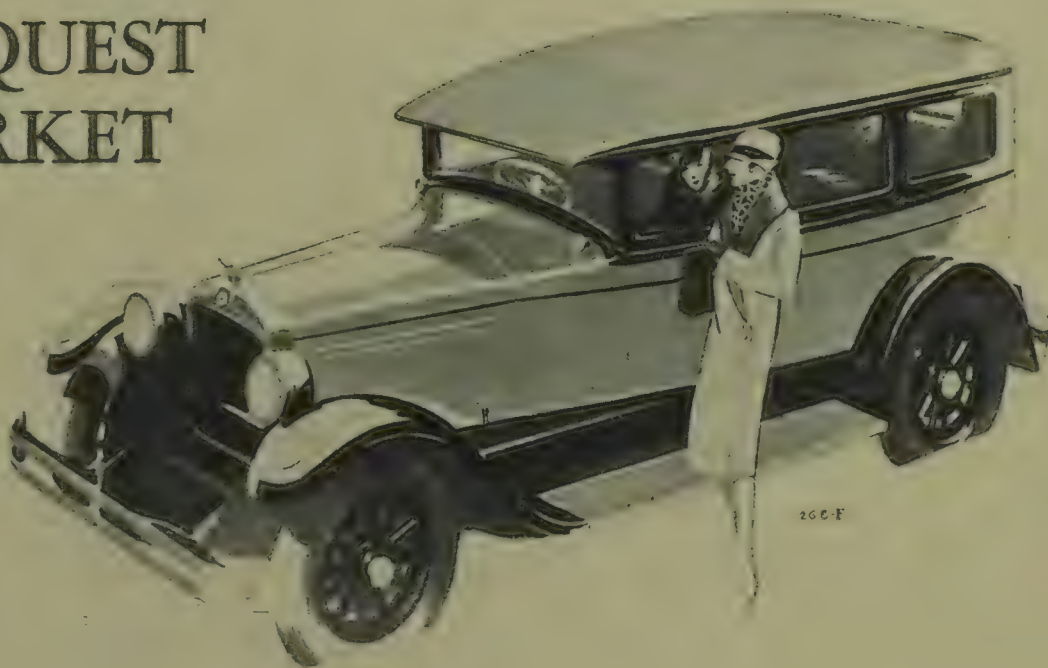
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE BEETHOVEN CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.

SIGNS of the approaching Beethoven Centenary are already apparent in the musical world. That famous combination of string virtuosos, the Lener Quartet, have already begun their series of six concerts on Tuesday evenings at the Queen's Hall, when they will play all of the seventeen Beethoven quartets. At the first concert, on Tuesday, Jan. 25, the programme included the C minor Quartet Op. 18 No. 4, the E flat major Op. 74, and the C sharp minor Op. 131. On Tuesday, Feb. 1, the programme was the A major Op. 18 No. 5, the F major Op. 59 No. 1, and the D major Op. 18 No. 3. The remaining concerts are on Tuesdays, Feb. 15, Feb. 22, March 1, and March 8.

Most of the greatest of Beethoven's quartets still remain to be played, as the Lener Quartet have carefully distributed their programme so that each programme contains an early, a middle, and a late period quartet. The Grosse Fugue Op. 133, the B flat major Op. 130, and the A minor Op. 132 still remain to be performed at this series. Opinion is divided as to which are the finest of Beethoven's quartets. There are many musicians even to-day who prefer the three quartets of Op. 59 known as the Rasoumovsky quartets (after the Russian Prince Rasoumovsky, to whom they were dedicated) even to the great quartets of Beethoven's last period. And there is a great deal of beauty in the earlier Op. 18 group. But there can be no question that the most original and individual of all the quartets are those of the last period, often known as the "posthumous" quartets, as they were published after Beethoven's death. These also owed their origin to a Russian, Prince Galitzin, who commissioned them, but from whom Beethoven had great difficulty in extracting payment.

Beethoven was once asked by, I think, Holz which of these five posthumous quartets he thought the best, and he replied: "Each in its own way." At another time he is said to have considered the C sharp minor Quartet as his best, just as he is said to have thought the "Eroica" the finest of his eight first symphonies. The "Eroica" has never been as popular with the public as the C minor Symphony, and it is very interesting to know that Beethoven preferred the earlier work, because it is practically the only case where he preferred an earlier to a later composition. In fact, he was always extremely touchy on this point, and he could not bear to hear

his early works praised. To one musician who was speaking enthusiastically of his popular Septet he curtly declared that he wished the thing burnt.

Beethoven is not alone in this attitude. It is, indeed, a common experience with the type of artist who develops during his career to an unusual degree to find that his early work is used as a weapon against the later. Musicians actually said to Beethoven: "Why don't you compose more symphonies like your first two?"—this in spite of the fact that even these were attacked by some critics for their wildness and obscurity. One gentleman, acting for an English publisher or concert society, actually went so far as to offer Beethoven a commission for a symphony in his early manner. Beethoven took this as a grave affront, and metaphorically kicked the gentleman downstairs.

Of the five last quartets the three finest are generally considered to be the A minor Op. 132, the B flat major Op. 130, and the C sharp minor Op. 131. But the original last movement to the B flat major Op. 130 is the "Grosse Fugue," now known as Op. 133. This extraordinary fugue was completely incomprehensible to Beethoven's friends and contemporary musicians, and he was begged to remove this movement and replace it with a new one, which he did, leaving the Fugue to be published as a separate work. It is one of the most remarkable musical compositions in existence, and it is only of late years that it has begun to be understood. I feel it is rather a pity that the Lener Quartet are not playing it as the conclusion of the B flat major Quartet, but that would mean missing the present finale of that quartet.

The part-writing in these posthumous quartets is extraordinarily individualised and free. This is the chief reason that musicians during the early and middle nineteenth century found them so difficult to play. Wagner said that in his youth he never heard these quartets played properly even by the best musicians. They were always performed so confusedly and indistinctly that it was impossible to grasp them or understand what they were about. Fortunately, the degree of virtuosity and musicianship which has been reached nowadays makes it possible to hear really good performances of these works—the Lener Quartet gave a superb rendering of the three items on the programme of the first concert of the series. Their playing was notable for its beauty of tone, thorough ensemble, intelligent phrasing, and the freedom and unity of its parts.

The performance of the C sharp minor Quartet was extraordinarily beautiful, and I cannot imagine a more exquisite pleasure than listening to such a performance of this great work.

The London Symphony Orchestra are giving two Beethoven concerts; the first will have taken place by the time these lines are in print. It is on Jan. 31, when Felix Weingartner conducts the "Eroica" and the B flat No. 4 Symphonies, and the Polish pianist Ignaz Friedman plays the G major Pianoforte Concerto. The real Beethoven Centenary concert of the L.S.O. will be on March 28—two days after the anniversary of Beethoven's death—when Hermann Abendroth, the German conductor from Cologne who made such a favourable impression on his first appearance in London last season, is to conduct the First and Ninth Symphonies. The chorus in the Ninth Symphony will be supplied by the Philharmonic Choir.

The Royal Philharmonic Society are only giving one Beethoven Centenary performance, on Thursday, March 24, at the Royal Albert Hall, when Sir Hugh Allen will conduct the orchestra and the Royal Choral Society in a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solennis." This, Beethoven's second and greatest Mass, is thought by many critics to be the finest of all his works.

The only institution that has made no centenary celebration arrangements, as far as I know, is the British Broadcasting Corporation. If the B.B.C. wishes to perform a really patriotic act and a public service, as well as honouring the greatest of all musicians, it will extend the hand of friendship to Sir Thomas Beecham and ask him to conduct a performance of the "Missa Solennis" at the Queen's Hall with the Philharmonic Choir. Sir Thomas Beecham is one of the three or four living conductors in the first rank, and those who heard his performance of the "Messiah" at the Queen's Hall last year, which was the greatest musical thrill of the present generation, will know what a service to art and to the public the B.B.C. would be doing if it induced Sir Thomas Beecham to conduct a performance of the Beethoven Mass some time in March, when Sir Thomas will be in London. He conducts the London Symphony Orchestra in a concert at the Queen's Hall on March 14, so that a concert arranged within a few days of that date ought to be practicable. It is absurd to have only one chance of hearing a great masterpiece like the "Missa Solennis," for musical works are not like dramatic masterpieces, which can at least be read if they are not staged.

W. J. TURNER.



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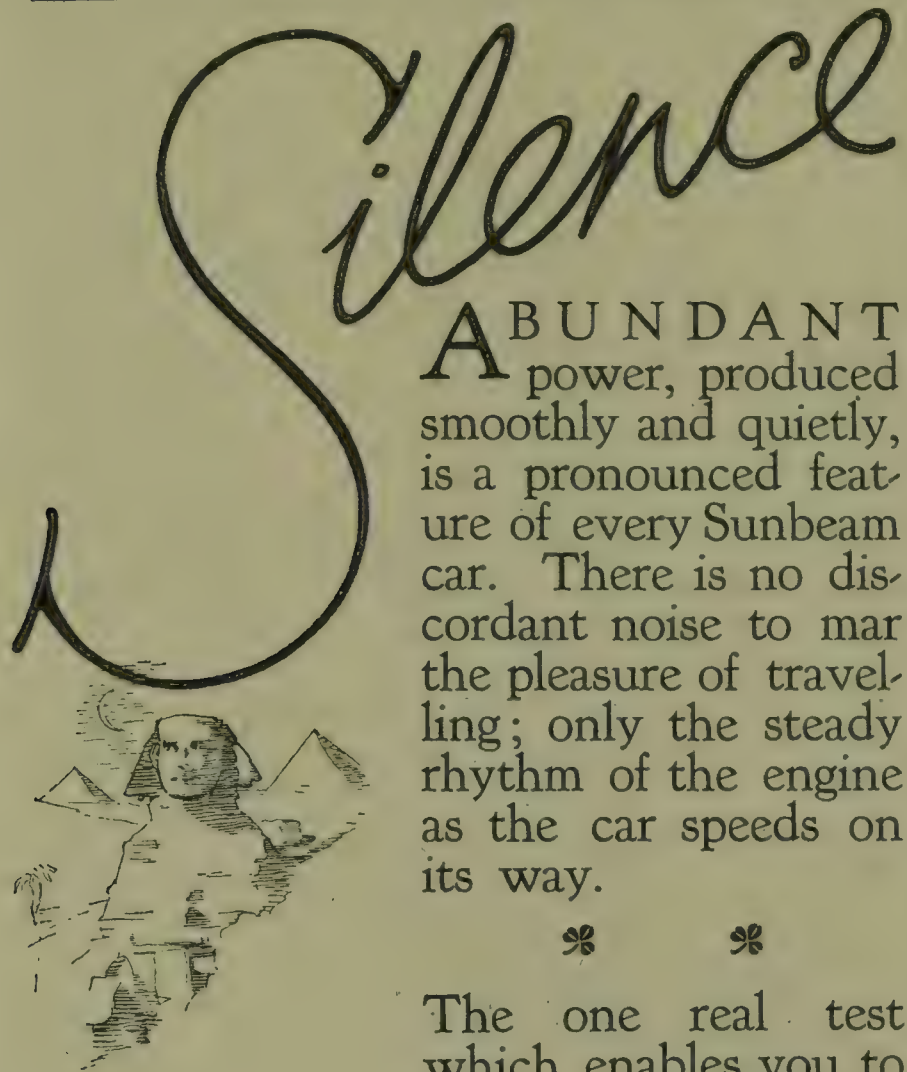
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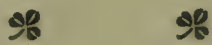
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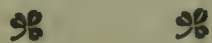




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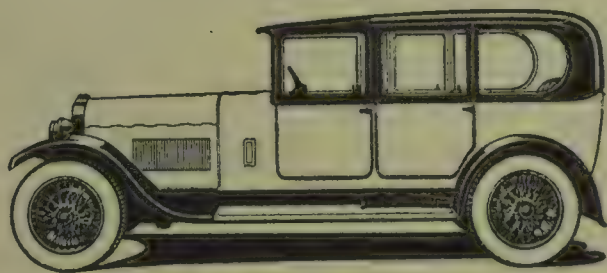


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A TERRA-COTTA BUST OF CHARLES II.

(Continued from Page 226.)

stone, so that a fairer comparison may be made with his superb marble figure of the fifth Earl of Dorset at Withyham. Here the technique of the wig is strikingly different from that of our bust, notably in the comparatively smooth and shallow treatment of the curls. Bushnell's statues of Charles II. at the Old Bailey and on Temple Bar, on the other hand, though in Roman dress, bear a remarkable resemblance to our bust both in the sharp turn of the head, characteristic of the sculptor, and in the modelling of the harsh features and bushy eyebrows. The same details are repeated in the noble marble statue of William Ashburnham at Ashburnham; the piercing of the cravat to simulate lace occurs on the monument to the seventh Earl of Thomond at Great Billing, the treatment of the armour on the busts of Sir Thomas Myddelton at Chirk and Sir Thomas Brodrick at Peper Harrow. When Bushnell's known work offers so many points of analogy with our bust, it is therefore needless to go into the question of an unknown sculptor with the same characteristic style; and, though the absence of documentary evidence is most unfortunate, we shall probably be safe in attributing the bust to Bushnell himself.

As a monograph on that sculptor will appear in the forthcoming volume of the Walpole Society, it is needless to do more than give a very brief account of Bushnell's career. He was apprenticed to a minor sculptor of the name of Burman, who entrapped him into an unsuitable marriage. On the discovery of the fraud practised on him by his master, Bushnell absconded to the Continent. After a period spent in Bernini's Rome, which formed his style, he found employment in Venice, and after the Restoration returned to England at the suggestion of an English nobleman, and was patronised by Charles II. and many of the nobility. Proud, touchy, and quarrelsome, he fell out with patron after patron, though Wren's high opinion of him is indicated by his choice of him for the four royal statues on Temple Bar. He lost his estates in a lawsuit; many of his projects went amiss when he took to speculating; and he died, ruined and mad, in his unfinished house in Park Lane in the year 1701, leaving two sons, who lived on in the desolate house among the relics of his art, and told Vertue many

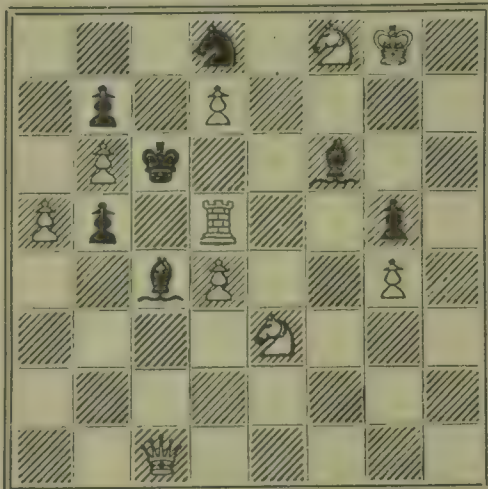
years later that the world was not worthy of their father.

If the attribution here suggested be correct, we have a third portrait of Charles II. to add to the statues on Temple Bar and in the Old Bailey, and that portrait is a bust in terra-cotta. It is worth remembering that we know from Vertue that among Bushnell's treasures was the original model for the head of the statue of Sir Thomas Gresham erected on Gresham's own Exchange and destroyed in the Fire of London—a valuable possession for a sculptor commissioned to execute the Gresham for the Exchange that took its place. That head, in Vertue's words, was "a Model in Clay bak'd"—that is, a terra-cotta.

The owner of the bust will be very glad of any further information as to its origin or history. Any letters addressed to the owner, care of the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*, will be forwarded.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 3996.—By J. Scott.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3994.—By E. Boswell.

WHITE
1. B to Q R 5th
2. Mates accordingly.

A model two-move problem. The key is well hidden, the position is free from overcrowding, and the mates are skilfully arranged—a combination that always gives pleasure to the solver.

SOLUTIONS OF CHRISTMAS NUTS.

No. 1.	By K. A. K. Larsen.	WHITE—1. K to Q 3rd, etc.
" 2.	" E. E. Westbury.	" 1. B to B 8th, etc.
" 3.	" J. Hartong.	" 1. B to K 4th, etc.
" 4.	" H. Weenink.	" 1. Q to K 8th, etc.
" 5.	" P. E. Nennywako.	" 1. Q to K Kt 2nd, etc.
" 6.	" J. Bunting.	" 1. R takes Q B P.
" 7.	" T. Schonberger.	" 1. Kt to Q 4th (dis ch).

The fact that six of these are first-prize problems in severe competitions must speak for itself as to their merits. Our own choice, however, is for the seventh. Its unconventionality has baffled some of our most expert solvers.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3992 received from G Parbury (Singapore), and H E McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 3993 from J E Houseman (Chicoutimi), W S Sims jun. (Newport, R.I.), R B Cooke (Portland, Maine), Horace E Macfarland (St. Louis, Mo.), and C H Watson (Masham); of No. 3994 from Rev. W Scott (Elgin), V G Walrond (Haslingden), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), J M K Lupton (Richmond), R Ramsay and P Raven (London), and G H Loman (Saltley College); and of No. 3995 from Mrs. Braby (Pennington Hall), C H Watson (Masham), J Hunter (Leicester), H W Satow (Bangor), A C Holliday (Rochester), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), C B S (Canterbury), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J T Bridge (Colchester), S Caldwell (Hove), J W Smedley (Oldham), J P S (Cricklewood), E J Gibbs (East Ham), R Ramsay and P Raven (London), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J M K Lupton (Richmond), and J Barry Brown (Naas).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF CHRISTMAS NUTS received from W H Terry (Cricklewood), 7; R B N (Tewkesbury), 7; C H Watson (Masham), 7; E Pinkney (Driffield), 7; J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), 7; V G Walrond (Haslingden), 7; J Wood (Wakefield), 7; G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), 7; L W Cafferata (Farndon), 7; H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), 7; J M K Lupton (Richmond), 7; C B S (Canterbury), 6; J T Bridge (Colchester), 6; E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), 6; John Hannan (Newburgh), 6; S Caldwell (Hove), 5; J Hunter (Leicester), 5; J P S (Cricklewood), 5; W Mason (Sheffield), 4; J W Smedley (Oldham), 4; Rev. W Scott (Elgin), 2; M E Jowett (Grange-on-Sands), 2; and W L Biggs (Oxford), 1.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W MASON (Sheffield).—It is prudent to reserve criticism until you are sure of the grounds on which it is based. No. 3 cannot be solved in the way you suggest. As for No. 7, the rules of problem composition are not absolute, and are always governed by the higher authority of the game itself. Is a check legitimate chess or not?

J W Smedley (Oldham).—What we resented was the implication that we were evading the acknowledgment of mistakes, when, in fact, we had not committed any. Your errors of transcription are, in No. 3, placing White's Queen at Q 7th when we printed K B 7th, and, in No. 6, putting Black's Queen at Q 4th, where we gave K 4th.

JOHN HANNAN (Newburgh, N.Y.).—We scarcely anticipated you would come to grief over No. 7, but you have many companions in misfortune. It is unfortunate that you could find no better use of our words of warning than to turn them into futile shafts of sarcasm.

J SCOTT (Carlisle).—We are very sorry we have overlooked your problem for so long a time, and can only make amends by giving it prompt publication.

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"I.L.N.," 5/2/27

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE DESPERATE LOVERS." AT THE COMEDY.

NO playgoer need be told that Mr. Sutro is a deft craftsman; indeed, so neatly does he join his flats and manœuvre his puppets that one sometimes wishes that his instinct for design were less sure, and that he would allow a breath of rude life to disturb the symmetry of his schemes. Take his new play, "The Desperate Lovers," and observe how mathematically adjusted are the relationships of its quartet. His two men are stepfather and stepson; both want to get married, and neither can marry without the other's consent. Of the two women, each has a secret she prefers to keep hidden. The Baroness della Rocca would like to forget a little excursion she made to Devonshire in her husband's lifetime; while Lady Eulalie Havers once as a suffragist pulled a Minister's nose. To the stepfather the Suffragist cause is abhorrent; the

stepson is rigidly puritanical. Each, therefore, bans the other's marriage. What is to be done? Alexander Duminy's stepdaughter makes a suggestion based on a new dichotomy. Both her brother Everard and the Baroness are interested in China; while her stepfather and Lady Eulalie are fond of old furniture. Why not an exchange of partners? The rearrangement is made, and Mr. Sutro solves his problem, but solves it by draining the last drop of humanity out of his characters. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Miss Marda Vanne, and Mr. Scott Sunderland pirouette and posture as required by the author's pattern, but can do no more.

"INTERFERENCE." AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

A full-blooded story with plenty of thrills in it now occupies the St. James's stage under the title of "Interference." Of its authors, Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden, one is a medical man; not unnaturally, then, its hero is a Curzon Street specialist,

and two acts take place in his consulting room. Blackmail and murder are elements in a strong plot; there is a fine dumb-show scene in which the specialist, calling on a woman dipsomaniac, discovers her to be dead, and examines the corpse to ascertain the cause of death; and there is also a moment in which the specialist and his blackmailed wife half suspect each other wrongfully of having hastened this woman's end. As the medical hero, Sir Gerald du Maurier obtains a most effective part; to him falls the opportunity of the long ten minutes' episode of dumb-show, during every moment of which he holds fast his audience's attention. Ease and confidence never desert him throughout what may be considered one of the best performances of his career. Admirable support is given him by Mr. Herbert Marshall and Miss Hilda Moore, as the male and female villains of the drama; and other players who score are Mr. Herbert Waring, Mr. Frank Lawton, and Miss Moyna MacGill. "Interference" is going to be one of the big successes of the season.

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The scene is Muirfield. The occasion, the last Amateur Golf Championship. The place, the first tee in the early stages of the competition. One of the American "giants," looking his British opponent up and down, is heard to remark: "Is that the guy I've got to play? I guess I can polish him off!"

But the Hon. W. Brownlow was not so easily "polished off."

The dramatic sequel to this incident forms one of many piquant stories recalled by

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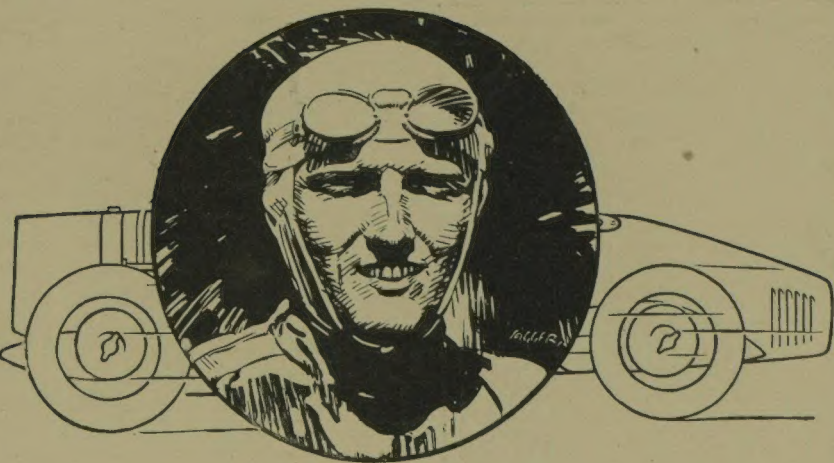
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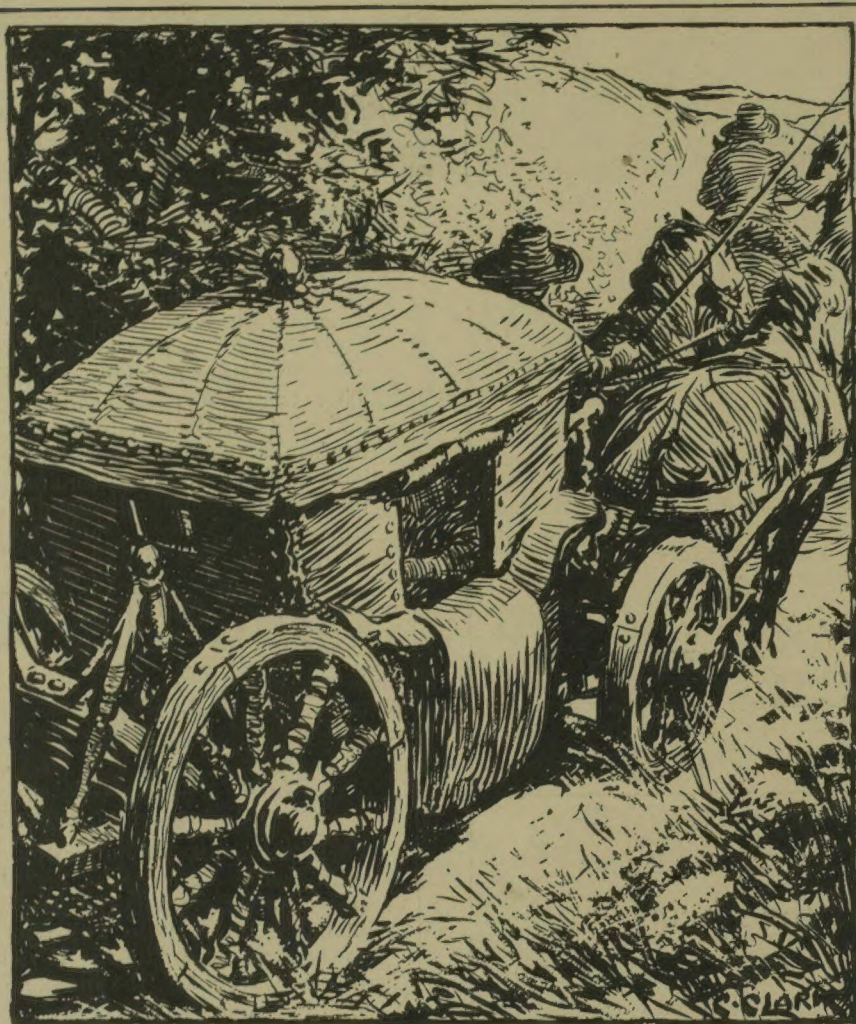
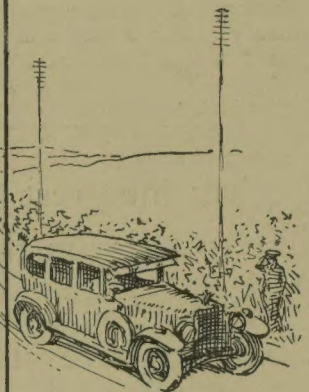
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1627

1927

*How they travelled in 1627**March 10, 1627*

"Up mighty early and took coach into the country immediately, with purpose to visit my wife at her mother's at Richmond. But on the road did find a lady of great elegance, and very fair, riding pillion behind her groom, who had halted to rest the horse, which I did pronounce to be lame; and so offered her my coach. Happily she insisted that I should share it with her.

So, safely coached and merry with laughter and jesting, despite the thunderous noise of the wheels, we did proceed; she seeming much frightened of highwaymen and discomforted by the great jolting and shaking of the coach, and I consoling her as best a man might."—*From the unwritten Journal of Christopher Mountjoy, Knight, sometime Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I.*

COACHES were a great novelty in 1627, and such luxuries as springs and rubber tyres were not to be known for several generations. This was the year when John Haig was first distilled and first won that reputation for excellence which has never wavered through three hundred succeeding years, culminating in its present unrivalled popularity.

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